

RECEIVED BY POST OFFICE
AUG 31 1867

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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No. 650.—VOL. XI.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED, 4D.



INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, NORWICH.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURGESS AND GUMWOOD, NORWICH.)

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

If King Theodorus does not at last decide to give up his prisoners it will not be for want of fair warning that an endeavour will be made to take them from him by force. An immense deal of patience has certainly been exhibited towards him, and even now that it has been decided to send an expedition to Abyssinia, he will have three months to consider whether he shall liberate his captives or not. The Indian navy having been abolished, it is found necessary to send transports from this country to Bombay to take on board the troops who are to be landed on the Abyssinian coast; and the voyage out cannot occupy less than two months. If the expedition is on Abyssinian territory by the beginning of December, that is the most that can be expected; and between the autumn and the winter it is just possible that the black but Christian Monarch may relent. At all events, he is now being furnished with the best possible reasons for relenting. It is said that the semi-civilised—or, at best, partially de-barbarised—King is a constant reader of the *Times*—whether in the original or in a translation specially prepared for him does not appear. But somehow or other he masters its contents; and he will learn in due time that a force of 10,000 men is about to be sent against him, and that this force will be perfectly armed and equipped, and that it will practically be equal to one much more numerous.

Indeed, in preparing to invade a country so little known as Abyssinia, and of which all that is known is very much to its disadvantage as a campaigning ground, the great object must be to form an army which shall require as little as possible for its own sustenance and shall carry as much as possible for the destruction of its enemy. The strength of this band of 10,000 must consist in the valour and discipline of the men composing it and in the excellence of their arms. Remembering what the needle-gun did in the late Prusso-Austrian war, when opposed to the muzzle-loading rifle, we can imagine what our Sniders and "converted Enfields" ought to do against the rude musketry and the bows and arrows of the Abyssinian savages. The *Times*, moreover, in an article which we hope may be honoured by the attention of King Theodorus, speaks of some toy cannons made entirely of steel, and which, carriage and all, are not to weigh more than the amount of luggage allowed to a first-class passenger on an English railway. These miniature pieces of artillery will, nevertheless, carry 7-lb. balls, and, fitted to pack-saddles, may be transported on the backs of mules across hills and mountains. The cavalry and the greater part of the infantry will be sent from India; and, whatever numbers the Abyssinian Monarch may collect to oppose the invading force, it may be looked upon as a matter of certainty that he will not be able to resist its advance. Persons who have travelled in Abyssinia declare that Theodorus could bring together an army of 200,000 men; but 200,000 men can be defeated as easily, in some respects more easily, than 20,000. Two hundred thousand men without discipline—which really means without cohesion—would probably be very much troubled by a volley from a few batteries of the steel guns now being manufactured for service in Abyssinia; and it would be nothing less than astonishing if the fire of 6000 or 7000 infantry, armed with breech-loading rifles, and the charge of four or five regiments of our best Indian cavalry, did not put them to confusion and flight.

But, in reality, no one knows that King Theodorus could bring 200,000 men into the field. It is not everyone who has been to Abyssinia. But even the fortunate men who have visited that blessed land have no data on which to base their pretended calculations as to the number of soldiers at the disposition of the Sovereign. We will say nothing about the civil war: it may or may not be true that, on the approach of an invading army, the contending forces at home would unite. All we say is that visitors to Abyssinia have no means of discovering what the military resources of the Abyssinian kingdom really are. A man may go to Vienna or to St. Petersburg, and come back without having been able to find out with any precision how many troops are available for immediate service in Austria or in Russia; yet in both these States official returns of at least some little authenticity are published. But, in regard to Abyssinia, it is idle for travellers to pretend that they are in a position to estimate the numbers of its army at all.

We think it may be taken for granted that 10,000 British troops could dispose of any force that could be brought against them in Abyssinia. But then arises a very important and difficult question—how, when it had driven everything before it, could it get back again, with or without the prisoners? Of course, nothing can prevent King Theodorus from murdering his unfortunate captives if he choose to do so, and nothing seems more likely than that he will destroy them rather than let them fall into the hands of their liberating countrymen. But the object of the expedition is partly to rescue the captives, and partly, if not principally, to avenge the ill-treatment to which they have been subjected. If the King of Abyssinia, after slaying his captives, were to retreat to some mountain stronghold, it might be very difficult to follow him there—notwithstanding the portable character of the newly-invented guns; and, whether he be followed or not, the time must come when it will be necessary for the expedition to return. If the march inwards be attended with difficulties which everyone foresees, the march back to the coast may be as disastrous an affair as the retreat from Cabul, or, on a greater scale, the retreat from Moscow. It has been suggested that the 300 miles of jungle which the British troops would have to cross might be set on fire, that the wells might be poisoned, that the villages along the line

of march might be destroyed, so as to render it impossible for them to renew their stock of provisions; and one writer has prophesied that, even if the climate does not decimate the army, it will be terribly harassed by a certain venomous fly which abounds in Abyssinia.

There are, no doubt, plenty of difficulties to be guarded against; but the individual correspondents who write to the papers on the subject may feel assured that the jungle difficulty, the mud difficulty, the provision difficulty, the venomous-fly difficulty, are all being considered by the framers of the enterprise, and that every precaution will be taken that can aid its success. The making of cannons for this particular undertaking is, above all, important, as showing for once a disposition on the part of our officials to admit that for a special end special means must be adopted. When all the obstacles in the way of success have been considered, the fact still remains that mission after mission has reached the court of King Theodorus in safety; and if a mission of half a dozen men can cross the country, then, however unhealthy and inhospitable that country may be, it is at least possible that an army of 10,000 men may do the same.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT NORWICH.

AN industrial exhibition is now open in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, which is even more successful than such exhibitions usually are. The show has been got up by the working men of the town and neighbouring district, and does great credit to their taste and skill. Of course it must be borne in mind that the objects exhibited are in the main the products of simple industry, unaided by the appliances of capital. The exhibition in its general features is a fine industrial exhibition. The oil paintings, water-colour drawings, and other artistic works, have in many cases been manipulated by hands more familiar with the last, the needle, or the pen. The display, however, of these productions is interesting and honourable to the taste and talent of the amateurs of the locality. A portion of the illuminations are exceedingly beautiful. The designs and mechanical drawings are very good. There are also a number of choice specimens of sculpture and modelling. The articles of furniture and upholstery are principally of the fancy kind, and not a few of them have been executed by non-professional hands, and some of them with the rudest tools. We observe several specimens of wood carving and inlaid work of excellent quality. The display of manufactures, textile fabrics, boots, &c., is much smaller than was anticipated; but several of the cases contain specimens of boot-making which the world might be challenged to surpass. The machinery and tools exhibited make a somewhat meagre show, but there are among them some curious and useful articles. There are a few philosophical and musical instruments of an interesting character, and one or two cases of jewellery. Then there are some capital specimens of decorative painting; a magnificent case or two of bookbinding, which, if executed in the city, prove that great proficiency has been attained in this branch of industrial occupation; some illustrations of the taste of Norwich typographers in ornamental printing; architectural and naval models innumerable; cases of stuffed birds and animals, prepared by native artisans; entomological and botanical specimens; some beautiful productions in ladies' fancy needlework, counterpanes, hearthrugs, &c. Besides these the hall is ornamented with nearly 200 pictures, forming the loan collection, furnished by gentlemen residing in the locality, in addition to which—and not the least attractive in the Exhibition—there are several stalls held by tradesmen of the city, by whom are exhibited things rare, curious, beautiful, and valuable, consisting of musical and optical instruments, clocks, watches, jewels, sewing-machines, confectionery, &c. The Mayor presided at the ceremonial, while the Earl of Kimberley, Sir Samuel Bignold, the City Sheriff, J. J. Colman, Esq., and others by their presence and congratulations gave dignity to the occasion and encouragement to the movement.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOODS IN AUSTRALIA.—A letter from Sydney, dated July 1, says:—"The most devastating calamity on the pages of colonial history has just visited the colony. Five days' rain flooded the country and five days' gales dashed helpless wrecks upon our coasts. Even in our landlocked harbour the light-ship carried away moorings stout enough to hold an ironclad, and only narrowly escaped destruction. The highest flood-marks were between 60 ft. and 70 ft. above usual tidal level, and at this height the waters were spread over immense tracks of rich alluvial lands, on which were deposited sand and stones, rendering them almost valueless. Hundreds of houses were swept away, thousands of live stock destroyed, crops ruined, and many lives lost. In one case a family of nine were all drowned, and in another case twelve persons, the families of two brothers, lost their lives. Had it not been for the promptitude of the authorities in sending up well-equipped boats and competent crews the loss of life would have been fearful. Hundreds were rescued off the tops of trees, haystacks, and roofs of houses. Numbers are almost starving, houseless, and naked. Subscriptions for their relief are flowing in, and will do much to alleviate the distress. The schooners Margaret, J. G. Coleson, Catherine Hill, and Lord of the Isles have been wrecked on the coast and several seamen drowned, together with a pilot who endeavoured to save the crew of the Margaret. The Newcastle life-boat was swept out to sea by the ebb tide, and remained out all night. Next morning, when rescued, it was found that one of the crew had died of exhaustion. The steam-ship Saxonia reached port in a sinking condition, with water above her furnaces and pumps choked."

IRISH HUMOUR.—"Our boys," said Mr. O'Fladgate, "those that drive the public cabs, are very quick in their replies, and have a vast deal of cunning as well as low wit about them; they always get more than the fare if they can. I gave one of these spalpeens his shilling fare one day, so he held the shilling in his open hand, as if he was speculating on it, when, in a sly undertone, as if as much to himself as me, he said: 'Faith, it's not putting me off with this ye'd be, if ye knowed all.' My curiosity was awakened, well up to these rascals as I am. 'What do you mean?' said I. 'Oh, faith, that's all, telling, an' this aint enough' (still appearing to contemplate the shilling in a speculative spirit). 'Well, there's another shilling, ye blackguard; now what's the matter? What do ye mean, ye devil's imp, by saying, if I but knew all?' 'Och! sure, didn't I drive yer Honour the last two miles wit the devil a linch-pin in the wheel?' As he uttered the last word he leaped up on his cab with the activity of a kangaroo, and misther O'Fladgate, 'I had in my stable a beautiful pair of carriage horses, and my coachman having won his discharge by an irrepressible inclination to whisky, I was on the look-out for a boy to drive them. We call all drivers boys, between the ages of sixteen and ninety. Well, be me faith, though I say it that shouldn't, my wages are better than common, so I had fifteen applications for the vacancy. It will be more amusing to you, perhaps, if I tell you what my boy, or coachman, told a friend of mine was the way in which he contrived to make himself the successful candidate. 'Augh! be me faith, yer Honour, my selected boy said, 'there were as many as fifteen of the boys after the place, and the first that went up to the master got asked the following question:—'Now, my man, says the master, 'tell me, said he, 'and no lies, how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage without throwing me over?' So the boy considered, and, scratching his head, answered it with a lift of his breech, as yer Honour knows the like of us always does, he says, says he, 'Within a fut, please yer Honour, and no harm.' 'Very well,' says the master, 'go down,' says he, 'and I'll give yer answer by-and-by.' Up comes another boy, the master asks him the same question. 'Drive, yer Honour! How near the edge of the precipice?' 'Why, bodad, within half a fut, and niver a mistake.' The next boy what came up says, in answer to the same question, 'Within five inches; and, by all the bones of all the saints of holy Church, not a bit of danger whatsoever!' Then the next boy that came up—'Augh! he was a dandified chap intirely, and, augh! so mighty illigant; so says he, he says, says he, 'I'd drive yer Honour's Honour within three inches and a half and not upset ye; I'd go bail to do it.' Well, at last my drive him in his carriage to the brink of a precipice, I says, says I, with a slap on my thigh, 'Faith, yer Honour, bodad, I'd keep as far off as I could; not within a mile on it, and no mistake.' 'You're the boy for my money,' says his Honour; and with that he puts me up directly.'—*Anecdotes of the Upper Ten Thousand.*

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor and Empress, having returned from Salzburg, went, on Tuesday last, to Lille, to be present at the fêtes to be held in that city in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of its annexation to France, and on the way passed through Arras, the Mayor of which town presented an address. The following is the text of his Majesty's reply:—

With pleasure I find myself once more among you after so long a lapse of time. I have seized with eagerness the occasion of a national fête to come and acquaint myself with your desires, and to assure you that my solicitude for all the interests of the country shall never fail you. You are right to have confidence in the future. It is only weak Governments who seek in foreign complications to divert attention from troubles at home. But he who derives his strength from the great body of the nation has only to do his duty, and to satisfy the permanent interests of the country; and while holding aloft the national flag we should not allow ourselves to be drawn away by intemperate impulses, however patriotic they may be. I thank you for the sentiments you have expressed towards the Empress and our son. Be assured that they share my devotion for France, and that their most ardent wish is to put an end to all misery and alleviate all misfortunes.

At Lille, where their Majesties were enthusiastically received, the Emperor had again to reply to an address, when he delivered himself as follows:—

When, some years ago, I came for the first time to visit the Department of the Nord everything smiled upon my wishes. I had just espoused the Empress, and I may say I had also just wedded France before eight millions of witnesses. Order was restored, political passions were lulled to rest, and I foresaw for the country a new era of greatness and prosperity. At home the union existing among all good citizens presaged the peaceful dawn of liberty; abroad I saw our glorious flag protecting every cause of civilising justice. During the last fourteen years many of my hopes have been realised, and great progress has been accomplished. Dark spots, however, have darkened our horizon. But even as good fortune has not dazzled me, so transient reverses will not discourage me. How should I be discouraged when I see, from one end of France to the other, the people greeting the Empress and myself with acclamations in which are unceasingly associated the name of our son? To-day I do not come here only to celebrate a glorious anniversary in the capital of ancient Flanders; I also come to learn your wants, to heighten the courage of some, to confirm the confidence of all, and to endeavour to increase the responsibility of this great department by still further developing its agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. You will aid me, gentlemen, in this noble task; but you will not forget that the first condition of the prosperity of a nation like ours is to possess the consciousness of its own strength, and not allow itself to be depressed by imaginary fears, but to rely upon the wisdom and patriotism of the Government. The Empress, touched by the sentiments which you express, unites with me in thanking you for your warm and sympathetic welcome.

The French papers see in the Emperor's speeches evidence of pacific intentions; but they write doubting whether these intentions may be fulfilled. The Vienna papers state, as an evidence of the pacific objects of the Salzburg meeting, that France and Austria have advised Denmark not to insist on the retrocession of Alsace and Lorraine.

"The schoolmaster abroad" has been lately received with great distinction by their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French. Seven hundred of the useful class high "pedagogues" being in Paris to see the great Exhibition, were honoured with an interview at the Tuilleries, and had some gracious words addressed to them by the Emperor, who thanked them for their devotion, and urged them to persevere in their laudable course, and in "teaching the young idea how to shoot" to mix therewith a due allowance of religious principles and love of country, as the source of all virtues, public and private.

SPAIN.

The state of affairs in Spain is still very puzzling, and the despatches sedulously issued by the Government are anything but consistent with themselves. As long as it was feared that the insurrection was making head, the rebels were described as a few small bands of plunderers, ever flying before the Royal troops and ever being captured. Now, however, that it is supposed that the movement is losing its vitality, the insurgents are surrendering in bodies of a thousand at a time. This is an arithmetical problem not easy of solution, except by cutting the gordian knot, and arriving at the conclusion that all intelligence which reaches us from official sources is utterly unreliable. Telegrams from Madrid of Wednesday's date continue to represent the successful advance of the Government troops and the dispersion of the insurgents. Nearly the whole of the Aragonese band is said to have fled across the French frontier, where they were at once disarmed by the authorities. Others, again, are hiding in the mountains, and a seditious movement has been suppressed in Bejar. On the other hand, the insurrection has extended to the province of Orença, and the *Paris Temps* puts the entire insurgent forces at 18,000 men.

ITALY.

The Italian Government is anxious that it should be understood that there is no cloud between it and the French Government. An official denial is given to rumours which have prevailed that misunderstandings have arisen between the two Governments in reference to the Antibes Legion affair.

The *Diritto* says it is informed on good authority that an arrangement has been concluded between the Italian Government and the Papal Government, in virtue of which should any violation of Pontifical territory be committed by bands of insurgents, Italy would be at liberty to occupy certain points of that territory not including Rome.

PRUSSIA.

A Royal decree, dated Aug. 22, has been published, relating to the introduction of a Provincial Diet in Hanover, to consist of eighty-one members. In this Provincial Diet the great landowners and towns will be represented.

The *New Prussian (Cross) Gazette* says that Prussia has expressed to Denmark her readiness to open negotiations respecting the guarantees to be given by the latter for the treatment of Germans in North Schleswig. The discussion of this question will probably take place at Berlin.

AUSTRIA.

It is announced in Vienna that the Government has drawn up a circular to be dispatched to the Austrian representatives abroad, pointing out in what manner the meeting which has taken place between the French and Austrian Sovereigns at Salzburg should be interpreted, and stating that the results of the meeting afford eminent guarantees for the maintenance of peace.

Bavaria and Wirtemberg decline joining a South German Confederation under the leadership of Austria, but prefer to remain as independent States, with the freedom of forming what alliances may seem needful to them.

The differences with England in reference to the practical working of the treaty of commerce have been arranged. According to this arrangement, the present duties on imports from England will remain in force so far as the same are not altered by the tariff arrangements entered into by Austria with France and Italy.

GREECE.

Advices from Athens state that the subscriptions to the new Greek loan have reached ten million drachmas, the greater portion of which has been spent in the purchase of vessels and munitions of war. Three steamers have already been bought in England, and two other iron-clad vessels have been ordered.

THE UNITED STATES.

General Grant has protested against the removal of General Sheridan, and holds the order for his removal in abeyance.

Mr. Pendleton, formerly Minister to Chili, has been arrested in Virginia, under a writ from Judge Underwood, for perjury in taking the registration oath.

The Indians have been routed in a battle near Fort Kearney, Nebraska.

The *Globe*, a new paper, published at New York, asserts that immense over-issues of securities in the Treasury Department have been discovered at Washington, but the report is generally discredited.

The Dominican Republic has agreed to sell Samana Bay to the United States.

The Fenians still keep up their movements in America, and on Aug. 12 had a "barbecue" at Troy, New York, at which 12,000 people and a Fenian regiment were present, and the chief attraction was a sham fight in imitation of the battle at Limestone Ridge, near Fort Erie, which occurred at the time of the Canadian raid last year. They report that Major-General Wool, of the United States army, appeared on the ground in uniform and reviewed the Fenian troops; but this can scarcely be true, for so great a breach of discipline would hardly be attempted by an officer so high in rank. William B. Roberts, in Europe, continues to report the most astounding results in favour of Fenianism from interviews with Napoleon, Bismarck, and others; but it is just to say that even the Fenians, with all their absurdities, do not believe these stories; and at Trenton, New Jersey, they took the trouble to hold a meeting to deny that Roberts has any connection with "the Red Republicans of Italy." A "Fenian national congress" was to be held in New York on the 21st inst. A picnic of the brethren in Chicago had ended in a general fight.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence, via New York, from Vera Cruz to the 31st ult., according to which the reception given to the Mexican President on his arrival in the capital was most enthusiastic. Lopez, the wretch who betrayed the unfortunate Maximilian to his enemies, is reported to have been assassinated, and Prince Salm Salm has been sentenced to be shot. Juarez, upon his entry into the city of Mexico, issued a proclamation congratulating his countrymen on the triumph of the Republic and of liberty. The document has the undoubted merit of being studiously moderate and temperate, and perfectly free from all self-glorification and bombast. On behalf of his Government, Juarez disavows being actuated by any sentiment of passion towards his late opponents, justifies the severe measures already adopted by laying down the axiom that it is his duty to weigh the demands of justice against the considerations which are due to lenity, and proclaims his desire to temper the rigour of justice by reconciling clemency with the stern administration of the law. He then exhorts the Mexicans to bend all their efforts to obtaining and consolidating the benefits of peace, and promises that he will immediately convoke the people, in order that they may, without the pressure of force or illegal influence, proceed to elect their President, his own term of office, it is understood, being on the eve of expiring.

AUTHENTIC RELATION OF THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

The Official Gazette of Vienna publishes the following letter, written by a gentleman who witnessed the execution of the Emperor Maximilian:—

When, on Wednesday, at six o'clock in the morning, the condemned went out from the convent of the Capucines, the Emperor, crossing the threshold, turned back and said to Ortega, his counsel, "What a beautiful sky! The day is such as I wished the day of my death should be."

They were all of them dressed in black. Each of them got in a carriage with a priest. Those carriages, escorted by 4000 soldiers, took the road leading to the Surro de la Campana, a hill at a little distance from the town of Queretaro. It was at one hundred steps from that point that the Emperor had surrendered on the 15th. The condemned alighted at the spot where they were to be executed. The Emperor shook off the dust covering his clothes; his deportment was resolute: he carried his head high. He asked who were the soldiers chosen to shoot him; he gave one ounce of gold to each of them and requested them to aim at his chest.

The young officer who was in command of them went to the Emperor, expressed to him how much he feared that the Emperor should die in bearing ill-will to him, while, on the contrary, he disapproved from the bottom of his heart the mission he was compelled to perform. "Muchacho" (young man), answered the Emperor, "the duty of a soldier is to obey. I thank you for your pity, but I request you to fulfil the order given to you."

Then the Emperor advanced towards Miramon and Mejia, embraced them with affection, telling them, "We shall soon meet again in the other world."

The Emperor, who was between them, addressed Miramon thus:—"General, Sovereigns admire also the brave men, and before dying I will give you the place of honour." Then he turned to Mejia, and said to him, "General, what has not been rewarded on this earth shall be rewarded in heaven." Mejia was the most dejected among them. A few minutes before he had seen his wife, carrying his child in her arms, and her chest naked, wildly running through the streets as if a prey to madness.

The Emperor, making a few steps forwards, pronounced with a clear voice and with a remarkable serenity the following words:—

"Mexicans! The men of my blood and of my origin, the men animated with sentiments such as mine, are designed by Providence for founding the happiness of nations or for dying as martyrs. When I came to you I had not a single concealed thought, by those who sacrifice themselves to-day for my adopted country. On the moment of departing from this world I carry away with me the consolation of having done nothing but good to the extent of my strength, and of not being abandoned by my beloved and trustful Generals. Mexicans! May my blood be the last that shall be shed! may my unhappy adopted country rise up again!"

Then the Emperor moved back a few steps, advanced one of his feet, rose his eyes to the sky, put his right hand on his breast, and quietly awaited death.

Miramon took a paper from his pocket, slowly glanced on the 4000 soldiers as if he were still their General, and said:—"Mexican soldiers! Fellow citizens! You see me here as a man sentenced to death for treason. At a moment when life has already ceased to belong to me, when I shall be no more in a few minutes, I declare to you all, before the world, that I was never guilty of treason against my country. I fought for order, and it is for that cause that I succumb now, but with honour. I have sons, but they will never be touched by the calamity with which I have been infamously polluted. Mexicans! Vivat Mexico! vivat the Emperor!" He pronounced these words with a thundering voice. All hearts were moved; many eyes were filled with tears.

Not a single inhabitant of Queretaro assisted at the execution. The streets were deserted, and the houses shut. The bodies were embalmed. It is reported that the Emperor has bequeathed 50,000 thalers to Miramon's sons, and has requested his brother, the Emperor of Austria, to treat them like his own children. Mejia has recommended his son to Escobedo, whom he made prisoner several times, and whose life he saved more than once.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—The statements which have appeared in some of the papers respecting the Abyssinian expedition are not quite correct. The expedition will be organised in India, under the command of Sir Robert Napier, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, who is to be intrusted with the chief political as well as military authority. Sir Charles Staveley has been selected as second in command. A quantity of steam-transport has been taken up and will start for Bombay immediately, so as to be there in the course of November; but the Bombay Government have also provided a quantity of transport for themselves. Officers have also been despatched to various places to purchase camels and mules. Massowah will probably be selected as the base of operations, but this point is not finally settled. Three steamers have been provided, which are being fitted up as hospital-ships, and will be furnished with appropriate stores. Medical officers will be appointed to them. The whole of the arrangements are under the direction of the India Office, in order to secure unity of action; but the expense will be borne by Imperial funds.—*Times*.

A FEVER-STRIKEN SHIP.—The ship Golden Dream, bound for Japan was passing the Cape de Verd Islands early on the morning of July 15, when the watch made out a sail on the starboard bow, and reported that she had a flag of distress flying in her main rigging, and her sails aback. The Golden Dream was taken within hail, and the question put "What's the matter?" A weak voice from on board the distressed vessel replied, "The ship is half full of water, and our crew are all dying of fever." She was the brig Day Star, from Bathurst, Rio Grande, bound to London in ballast. The mate of the Golden Dream boarded her, and found her crew in the last stage of exhaustion. The men were lying on the deck fever-stricken, and some were evidently dying. Her chief mate was just able to crawl about. Soon after she sailed from Bathurst fever broke out, and in a few days all the crew but two were prostrated. These two tried to navigate the ship, till they also succumbed, and the vessel lay helpless. First one able seaman was found dead in his berth, and the others got the corpse over into the sea; then the master, Captain Lever, died; next, a cabin-boy; and so on, one by one, till only five men remained alive, when the sailors from the Golden Dream came up the side. When they were about to leave the brig to report to their own ship, the sick men pathetically implored them not to abandon them to certain death. The mate reassured them by promising soon to return. He went and conferred with Captain Wise, of the Golden Dream, who directly gave orders for the surviving sufferers to be brought to his ship. There they were received with kindness, tended with care, and had every comfort bestowed on them. Five men of the Golden Dream volunteered to go with her mate and take charge of the deserted brig Day Star, while their own ship sailed with the sick men, on her voyage to Japan. They went on board, pumped out the brig, fumigated her, and made all taut. The Golden Dream sailed away, and the Day Star, with her volunteer crew, anchored at Gravesend on Sunday.

AGRICULTURAL AFFAIRS.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.

MR. H. J. TURNER, land agent, whose annual reports on the harvest are of so much interest and value, writing on the 28th inst., thus records the results of his observations this year:—

Last Tuesday morning I had a ramble into the country round Chester, and afterwards went forward to Leicester. The corn crops in Cheshire I found generally ripe, though there was a good deal to cut. It was the same up the Trent Valley, but there was greater irregularity in the grain being ripe; here and there, on one side of a hedge, a field of barley would not only have been cut, but also carried to the stackyard, while on the other side of the fence there would be a crop of wheat which it would take ten days to ripen.

The pastures in all that district are unusually full of rich green grass, and the turnip crops, especially as you come near Leicester, are very promising, though evidently later sown than our turnips in the north. On Wednesday I proceeded to Atherstone, where I had the pleasure of seeing that harvest operations were still more advanced. There had been heavy thunder-rain on Monday night, which had laid corn a good deal; still, the bright sun and the freshening breezes which almost immediately succeeded that rain entirely prevented any injury to the corn, while it greatly improved the grass and root crops.

On Thursday I went through Warwickshire and Oxfordshire, and into Berkshire, and remained near Reading all night. The corn pastures in Warwickshire were very pleasant to look upon; and the corn crops, now in a forward state, were all any reasonable man could desire. In passing through Leicestershire and Warwickshire I was particularly struck with the boldness and brightness of the straw and ears of the wheat; and it was very gratifying to me to hear the occupier of one of the best and largest farms I let in that district remark that he had not for some years seen his wheat look so bright in the ear and straw as this year; and, although he had not thrashed any of this year's crop, he was satisfied the yield would be good.

In Berkshire the crops of corn are not very regular. On some lands the crops are very good; on many fields they are light, but on much of the best part of the country the crop is cut, and before this letter can be printed the bulk of it will have been carried in excellent condition.

Then, again, the root crops are promising. On Friday morning I went through Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire, down to Plymouth.

In this extensive district there is great variety in the soil, much of it a thin crust of soil on gravel or chalk. Much of the grain was cut and a deal carried, the crops varying with the quality of the land; but they are as good and in as good condition as could reasonably have been expected. I rubbed some wheat out as it stood in stock and found it dry enough to grind.

The root crops were generally promising, and the grass land full of good food. I saw in Hampshire several fields of beautiful sangfroid, a crop which we do not grow in the north.

From Plymouth I came on to this place; of course, I found Cornwall as I expected, very hilly, and the arable land most of it of moderate character. I think the grain crops as good as could be looked for, and a great portion already cut. They have a custom here which is new to me—when they cut grain, instead of putting it into stacks of ten or twelve sheaves, they make on the spot as soon as reaped little stacks containing from sixty to one hundred sheaves, and top up this structure with about half a dozen sheaves, drawn to a point. Before they carry this corn, they take down those little stacks and set them out into ten or twelve sheave stacks to dry for a day or two before they carry them into large stacks. It is affirmed that by this plan they succeed in preserving the crop in a wet season much better than it can be done by the ordinary plan.

In driving round this neighbourhood to-day I was gratified to see some as promising crops of turnips as any farmer would like to look upon.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

In North and East Yorkshire both growers and dealers report the potato disease to have appeared very generally this season, attributed to the prevalence of continued wet weather and a low temperature. The most faulty crops are upon the strong clay lands which are most retentive of moisture, and the early sorts of potatoes are stated to have suffered most, and in many cases to have gone bad after being taken up. It is hoped the present hot and dry weather will check the disease.

We learn that the disease has also shown itself in a very decided shape in various parts of Herts and the neighbouring counties.

THE FRUIT CROP OF 1867.

Apples are all but universally deficient, the deficiency being due in most cases to the injury done to the blossoms or to the young fruits by spring frosts; in some cases, where the trees have borne for many years, however, a crop has been produced, and in many market gardens round the metropolis a fair crop of apples may be seen. Pears are also, generally speaking, below average everywhere. Plums—with the exception of damsons, which are reported as unusually abundant—are short in quantity. The crop of strawberries has been, on the whole, good; though the blossoms suffered from the May frosts in some localities. Cherries may be estimated at about average, but of comparatively indifferent quality. Peaches, nectarines, and apricots, the latter especially, under average; and figs, as might have been expected, are very scanty. On the other hand, small fruits, such as currants and gooseberries, have been unusually abundant; while raspberries have suffered from the frosts. Nuts supply an average crop; but walnuts are all but a complete failure. Fruits generally are found to be deficient in flavour, owing, doubtless, to cold nights and absence of sunshine.—*The Gardener's Chronicle*.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Bishop of Oxford has been making another speech on education. The occasion was a conference of Sunday-school teachers held in the Isle of Wight, at which his Lordship presided. It seemed to him, he said, that they must divide the children who came to the Sunday school into different classes. Those who were taught during the week should be treated in a different manner from those who came only on Sundays. In great towns, perhaps, they could not get a poor ragged set of children together on any other day, and such they should really and definitely endeavour to teach. Those, however, whom they had under their care every day in the week they should, as much as possible, avoid teaching on Sunday. Sunday was as much a day of rest for children as for grown-up persons, and it was a mistaken idea to take children, whom God had made volatile, who could not be still for a moment because it was not their nature, who were always dropping off to sleep on the benches they sat upon because they needed sleep, and would begin to whisper and laugh, just as the bee needed to buzz when he flew about—it was a mistake to take children, whom God had made in this way, to set them on a hard bench, and to make horrid faces at them when they began to buzz, or to knock them on the head when they went to sleep. In his experience Sunday-school teachers failed very much on the "be-good system." That was the beginning and end of all their teaching, and marvelously unfruitful teaching it would be for men, women, or children. They could not expect the elder children to continue attending a Sunday school where all the little ones of the parish were being taught. The room never frequented the same ground with the starling, who was a busy, talkative gentleman, while the rook was a quiet sort of fellow; and, therefore, when the starling came near, the rook looked at him with a peculiar cock of the eye and flew away. In the same way the fourteen years' old pupil flew away from the little volatile things who sat dozing upon the hard benches. As to these younger ones, no one who was at all acquainted with children would expect to get any real knowledge into them. When these Sunday-school children were sent to church, not with their parents, but in a body together, and were placed, as they generally were, a long way off the clergyman, lest they should disturb the congregation, how was it possible that the little volatile things should not begin whispering to one another and kicking their legs about, and how could they be expected to pay any attention to the service when they had been tired out with two hours' previous teaching at school? Then, perhaps, in the afternoon, the little things, having had rather a better dinner than usual, would fall asleep, which was the best thing they could do. No doubt a great deal might be done in showing kindness to these little ones, whose parents did not take them to church—at all events, they might be kept away from the devil's school, where they played at chuck-farthing and made dirt pies. At the Sunday school everything should be done to make the children happy. Of course, there should be some colouring of Christianity and religious teaching about it; but particularly the little things should be taught to sing, for which they were always ready. The teachers ought to be a great deal ahead of the scholars if they would teach them anything of the Church system. If the teachers only had a general foggy impression about the Church—and that was frequently the case, especially with persons who were continually talking about "our beloved Church"—nothing useful would be done. It was not by dreary, dull teaching, not by sending a man round to knock the children's heads when they fell asleep, that they would do good, but by making Sunday schools the opportunity of showing a kindly interest in the little ones sent there; and then, by the levelling principle of the love of Christ, they would make their schools not wearisome to the little ones, nor useless to the older ones, but would make them instruments for touching their hearts, and thus would get a deal of truth into the narrow-necked mouth of the bottle, until, by God's grace, they could fill it as full as it could bear.

THE GRAND OPERA DURING THE EMPEROR'S FETE AT PARIS.

THE Emperor's fête this year was an especial occasion, for it was *fête en fête*. Paris is full of visitors, or at all events as full as could be expected from the international policy of the keepers of lodging-houses, the proprietors of hotels and eating-houses, and the letters of furnished apartments, who have put up prices at least 300 per cent, and then wonder that all the world doesn't rush to partake of their splendid hospitality. There can be no doubt that twice as many people might have been present at the grand fête had it not been for this system of extortion; and in truth it was an occasion on which nobody need regret having assisted, for all France seemed to swarm suddenly in the busy streets, and, although the weather was not quite favourable, every railway terminus was crowded, and it is said that nearly half a million of strangers helped to fill the boulevards and the decorated booths, the gay avenues, and the open spaces, where flags and streamers alternated with poles, up which the adventurous aspirants for a watch or silver cup, a fork and spoon, or a meerschaum pipe, were expected to climb for the public amusement. M. Ruggieri, too, the famous pyrotechnist, exceeded himself in this year of the Great Exhibition; and the vast concourse of people who crowded the twelve avenues converging in the Place de l'Arc d'Etoile will not soon forget the splendid spectacle which burst upon them when the sculpture of the grand arch was illuminated by a flood of light from twelve fountains of coloured stars, twelve lampadaires crested with crimson fire, and a dazzling cascade of glory, which sprang from the summit of the arch itself. Still more striking was the *bouquet d'adieu*, the final display of a rain of golden stars falling through a roseate atmosphere, gradually deepening into crimson, and throwing an exquisite tint on all that vast area. Meanwhile, the Place de la Concorde was like the last scene of the most gorgeous ballet ever devised, and the public buildings (specially represented by the Ministry of Marine, which was smothered in flags, trophies, and nautical emblems, and all ablaze with gas) kept up illuminations which made the streets bright all night. There was plenty to be seen during the day, however, by those who, not caring much about the best seats at the theatres, had not made one of a queue already waiting to get in before dinner-time. Of course the great resorts were the road to the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, and the Trocadero. At the latter place, recently described in these columns, and now a noble elevated space, hundreds of booths had been erected and let out by the Municipality, at the rate of twenty francs for three days. These were devoted to the sale of toys, cakes, sweetmeats, wine, and what people call "light refreshments;" and as the rain came pelting down they were pretty well filled at an early hour and the sound of frizzling sausages and popping corks was added to the general confusion of talking, laughing, and the jingling of glasses.

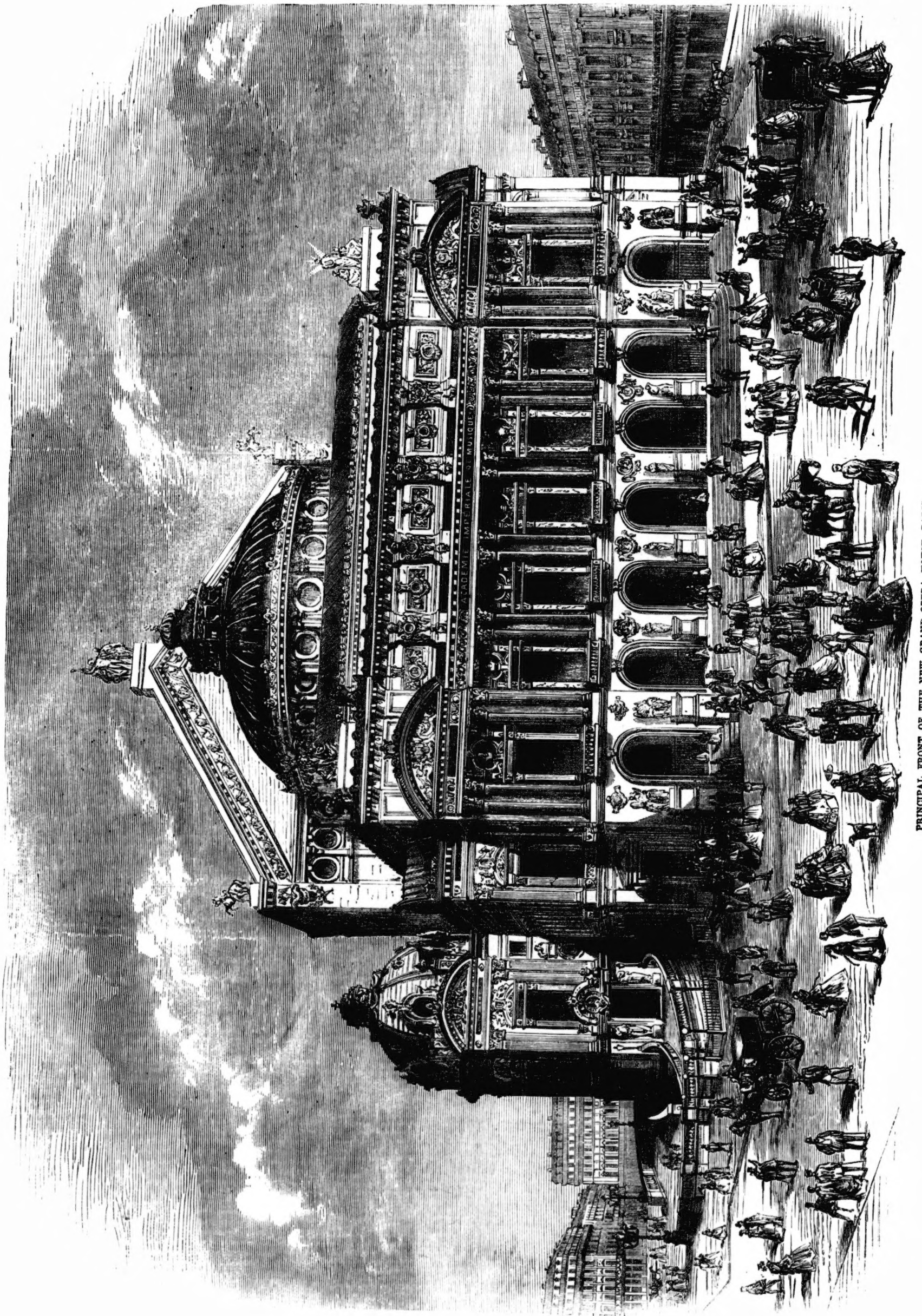
Perhaps, next to the Trocadero, the great point of interest during the day was the new opera house, of which we gave a detailed account in a previous Number. This magnificent building is now completed, or nearly completed, and the great screen of planks and boards was removed on the previous day, so that the grand façade shone out in all its glory on the morning of the fête. There was a vast amount of curiosity, a good deal of enthusiasm, and not a little criticism, amongst the concourse of people who went to look at it. It was over-decorated, said some severe artists; the busts were too numerous, as were, indeed, the N's and E's, the carvings and the gildings; but then it must be remembered that it stands in contrast to the monotonous streets, all of the square cut stone, Haussmann-order of architecture. As M. Théophile Gautier says, "the new opera has disclosed its beauties at one blow, and discovers at once all its advantages. The façade is the face of a building, and gives it its entire character." The façade of the new opera is composed of a sub-basement, with two *avant corps*, pierced with seven arcades, and the intervening spaces are filled with groups of statues and medallions. Above these are raised pairs of Corinthian columns, separating vast bays, and forming what the Italians call the *loggia*. Above this, again, an entablature supports the attic, decorated with groups and bas-reliefs, and terminating in the upper line with a cordon of tragic and comic masks in bronze. The great columns are monoliths, of above ten metres in height; but it will be necessary to close the great bays, or colonnades, in order to keep out wind and rain, if they are to be devoted to the comfort of promenaders. The decorations and architectural beauties of this portion of the building are very striking; jasper pillars, golden capitals, and rich consoles, ornamented with masks and busts of eminent composers, all combine to make it a splendid piece of work; while a balcony, of which the balustrades are of Swedish green marble, one of the most rare and the most elegant of materials, adds its own grace to the general appearance. The bleeding of various colours and ornamental details into the façade gives it an aspect not satisfactory at the first glance to the critical observer; but there can be no doubt that it is a fine work finely executed. The smaller marble columns supporting the bays between each pair of large pillars, the busts of the composers that decorate the summits of the openings, and the line of ornamental bronze which marks the termination of the story, are all in good though rich keeping; and, when we remember for what purpose the building is intended, even the gold figures at the angles of the façade are not altogether out of place, though they may be too meretricious to be consistent with the rules of pure art.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

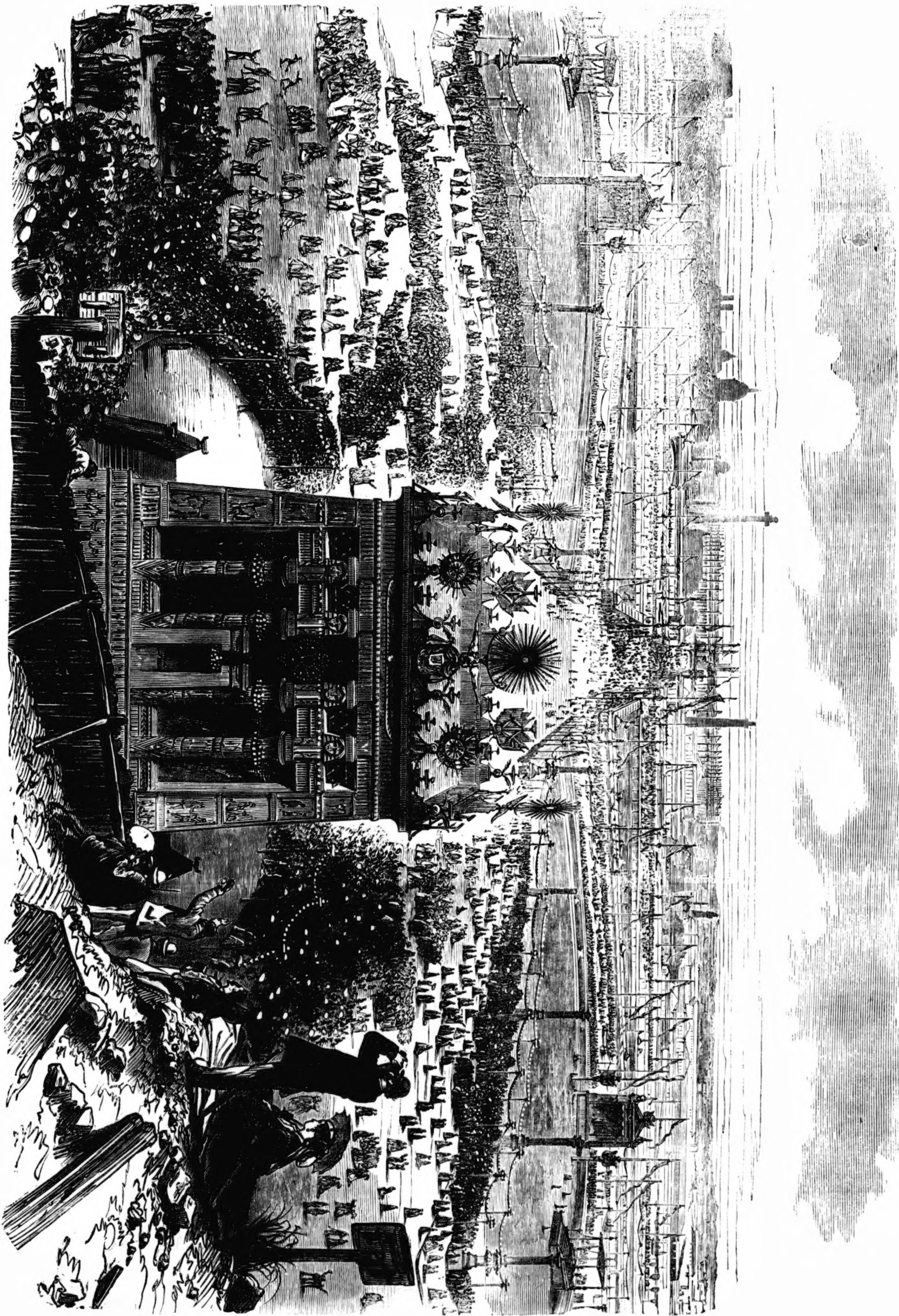
ONE of the most striking of those buildings in the park of the Champ de Mars, to which we have already devoted some attention, is the model of the celebrated temple of Xochicalco, which is represented in our present Engraving. This building, which can be seen from the Trocadero, has excited perhaps more sensation amongst the visitors to the Great Exhibition than any other of the numerous pagodas, temples, houses, lodges, and palaces in the park, for it is a copy of that ancient Mexican structure said to have been devoted to human sacrifices which has seldom been visited by travellers, and of which till recently we have had no very particular account. This model, however, makes all description unnecessary, for it is an exact imitation of the primitive building, and the ugly grotesque ornaments are copied from the original, which stands about twenty-five leagues to the south-east of Mexico, and was the ancient place of sacrifice where human holocausts were offered up to appease the divinities of that "New World" the antiquity of which was unknown. It is altogether what ladies call a "horrid place." Beneath the architecture the ornaments are human skulls, the walls are covered with strange, weird hieroglyphics, the entrance to the temples is concealed by a feather-embroidered curtain, and there is a great stone on which the priests let out the life-blood of the victims whose hearts were offered as a sacrifice to the sun. Before the altar is placed a model of the colossal statue found at Teotihuacan, which is supposed to be a personified ideal of the deity worshipped by the Mexicans; then there is a second statue, intended, it is believed, to represent Teoiaomique—a bloodthirsty divinity not belied by his looks; and then comes the great altar-stone where the human hearts were collected. Of course, as we have already said that the ladies call this a horrid place, there is no need to remark that it is much sought after by fair visitors, who linger about the details of these terrors with a true appreciation of their intensity.

Not far from the temple is a plaster model of a monolith which represents the great zodiacal Tenotchtitlan, presenting a surface four times as large as that of the zodiac of Denderah, and covered with most interesting sculptures in high relief and in a marvellous state of preservation.

THE EXECUTIVE OF THE NATIONAL REFORM UNION are taking steps to summon another of the great Liberal political conferences which have been annually held by that organisation since its origin. Circulars are being issued to all its branch associations throughout the United Kingdom, inviting them to appoint delegates to assemble in Manchester, with the view of discussing the character and probable effects on the country of the new Reform measure just passed into law. It is contemplated to hold the conference in the course of a few weeks, and that it shall be succeeded by a great banquet, at which many of the leading Liberals from all parts of the country will be present.



PRINCIPAL FRONT OF THE NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.



MEXICAN TEMPLE IN THE EXHIBITION PARK, PARIS, INAUGURATED ON THE EMPEROR'S FÊTE DAY.

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THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES

for SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, will contain a carefully engraved

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PROFESSOR FARADAY;

Illustrations of

RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS IN NEW SOUTH WALES,

and of

OTHER INTERESTING EVENTS OF THE DAY;

together with an Epitome of

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.



SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

PARTY POLITICS AND NATIONAL POLITY.

THE Reform Bill having been passed and Parliament prorogued, we shall all, we hope, be enabled for a time to divest our minds of the trammels of those Party Politics which occupy so large a measure of attention while the Legislature is in Session, and be at liberty to devote consideration to those questions of National Polity which so intimately concern the well-being of the community, and to look after which is supposed—somewhat erroneously, perhaps—to be the special purpose for which Parliaments assemble and Ministers sit in Council. But it may be well, perhaps, at the outset, to have a definition of what is implied by the phrases “party politics” and “national polity,” for, though the distinction seems obvious enough, there yet are shallow men who confound things essentially different, and consider all public affairs as mere party politics.

By “party politics,” then, we mean those tricks, strategies, cunning devices, “artful dodges,” quips, quirks, glazes, and prevarications that are ordinarily resorted to by partisans, and especially party leaders, in order to circumvent opponents and rivals and advance their own interests, without regard to the general good of the whole community. Under this head we also include those struggles for party supremacy and the possession of power which so often—so much too often—constitute the aim and end of Parliamentary contests. Now, for this kind of politics we care nothing; and for this sort of political warfare we have neither sympathy nor liking. A struggle that is to benefit a few individuals only—that is to result merely in putting one party “out” and another party “in”—is to us the veriest vanity of vanities. We care not to take part in such contests; and, though we dearly love a fair, vigorous, stand-up fight, when we do contend we like to strive for a principle that is worth the effort, and for results that will compensate the exertions necessary to attain them. This, as a rule, is not the case in Parliamentary struggles; and hence we, in our editorial capacity, never support one party of politicians against another unless we think we see a prospect of the men we support doing more for the advantage of the community than those we oppose.

“National polity,” however, is a very different thing from the party politics we have been describing; and, to our thinking, he is neither a good patriot nor a wise citizen who takes no interest in matters that concern the nation of which he forms a part, and which are calculated to promote its happiness, greatness, and prosperity. National polity, according to Webster, is “the science of government; that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or state, the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity; the defence of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals.” These, we submit, are objects well worthy the attention and efforts of all rational beings, and with which every member of a community—and particularly of a free community—is bound to concern himself. It can never be well with a nation when its citizens cease to take an interest in the management of its affairs; and, abandoning themselves to an indulgence in luxurious ease, or becoming engrossed in lighter or selfish pursuits, permit a class or a clique to monopolise the direction of public business and to lord it over the people as private aims or personal caprice may dictate. To act so is to neglect national polity and submit to the domination of mere party politics. It needs “no ghost come from the grave” to tell us that loss of liberty, degradation, and ruin must be the fate of the people which commits this crime against itself. History is full of instances proving that such “effects defective” spring from the non-civism of which we speak; and the lessons of experience have been taught in vain if they do not induce men to eschew mere party politics, and to hold fast by the duty of taking profound heed of rational polity. The distinction between these things is aptly illustrated by the history of the Reform question during last year and this. The re-arrangement of our representative system in accordance with the wants and necessities of the time was a work of high

national polity, worthy the efforts of the keenest intellects and the wisest statesmen in the land, and, moreover, if faithfully performed, was deserving of public acceptance by whomsoever undertaken; while the means adopted to obstruct it in 1866 and to forward it in 1867, belong exclusively to the domain of party politics, and as such will be judged by posterity, whatever we may think or say of them now.

We have been led to consider the subjects named at the head of this article, because at the present time, when a large additional number of citizens are about to be admitted to a participation in political privileges, we think we perceive a prevailing confusion in men's minds as to the ideas the two phrases represent, and a tendency in some to a dislike of all public affairs because of weariness of mere party politics, and in others to abandon individual judgment and “give up to party what was meant for mankind.” Against both these dispositions we feel ourselves called upon to protest. As we have said, a new and numerous class of voters have been enfranchised by the Reform Bill; and to ensure that one class of electors shall not dominate the others, and that the voice of all shall have due weight in Parliament, it is incumbent on each individual to study the leading questions of the day, and to intelligently exercise the rights conferred upon him by the Constitution. Abstention from public affairs, and a desire to altogether ignore politics because of disgust with mean party manoeuvres, are at once unpatriotic, shortsighted, and unwise. The minds of good citizens should rise superior to such paltry feelings. National interests should receive full attention; while party interests should be almost entirely put aside. Struggles for mere party objects and advantages, good patriots are bound to scorn; mere government by party for party, they are bound to condemn and to abolish. Selfish party cries, whether raised by Liberals or Conservatives, Whigs or Radicals, are alike undeserving of attention; and, while we select men in order to obtain measures, our choice of men should always be governed by the nature of the measures they offer us.

Now, this is precisely the course which men just now seem least inclined to follow. They appear generally disposed to confound party politics with national polity, and to follow men irrespective of principles. Conservatives, or those who so designate themselves, pin their faith to the skirts of the Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli; Whigs, if there be any Whigs left among us, retain the name of Earl Russell as their shibboleth; Liberals adhere to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright; while extreme Radicals strain their throats in shouting for Beales, and Potter, and Odgers. All this seems to us very unwise, and very unworthy of enlightened freemen; and, while we own to a sympathy with the Liberals of the Gladstone school of public men in preference to other parties, because from them have come the best and most beneficial measures of late years, and because those whose motto is “progress” are more likely to promote good reforms than those whose only claim to confidence is that they desire to stand still, we would wish ourselves, and we would wish all our fellow-citizens, to carefully examine every measure proposed—every idea broached; to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good. In other words, to eschew the mean pursuit of mere Party Politics, and to devote themselves to the high and noble duty of studying, and promoting, and perfecting our National Polity.

THE SALMON FISHERIES.—The report of the fishery Commissioners lately published is by far the most promising as regards the future supply of salmon that has yet appeared. The following rivers are stated to exhibit a great and remarkable improvement in the number of salmon captured in them:—Severn, Taw, Ure, Swale, Ouse, Torridge, Usk, Tyne, Dee, Wharfe, Nidd, Tees, Exe, Otter, Ribbles, Hudders, Lure, Avon (Devon), Kent, Eden, Ramoth, Lowther, Wye, and Coquet. The increase of salmon in some of these rivers is very remarkable. Thus, the Ribbles and Hodder, which yielded in 1859 only 900 salmon, yielded above 9000 last year; and the Exe, which formerly yielded only about 400 salmon, now yields 4000. Other rivers in the United Kingdom—such as the Wear, Camel, Dart, Tamar, Dovey, Trent, Winow, Mawddack, Towy, Laughor, and Taf—exhibit a gradual improvement; while some rivers are stated as showing no signs of improvement. Happily, however, these are very limited in number. The Commissioners strongly recommend the appointment of a Government engineer to advise on questions relative to the pollution of rivers. It is remarkable how small a quantity of refuse from some mills cast into the river will destroy the fish for many miles below the mills. We are familiar with a small stream in Hampshire, where the supply of trout, formerly very abundant, has now almost entirely fallen off, in consequence of the refuse from a very small paper-mill being cast into the river; and yet, in face of this fact, an attempt to obtain an injunction to restrain the proprietors of the mill from repeating the evil has failed—Vice-Chancellor Malins giving it as his opinion that, as the mill refuse cannot be conveniently disposed of by any other way than casting it into the river, this practice may be continued. The report also recommends that the entrance to mill-slides should be protected by gratings when the fish are descending to the sea, and especially recommends that they should be protected by efficient water-bailiffs during the spawning season.

THE HOURS OF LABOUR.—The Act for regulating the hours of labour for children, young persons, and women employed in workshops, states that by the Factory Act of the present year provision was made, among other things, for regulating the hours during which children, young persons, and women are permitted to labour in any manufacturing process conducted in an establishment where fifty or more persons are employed, and that protection should be afforded as to the hours of labour to children, young persons, and women working in smaller establishments, and also to make provision respecting the employment of a fan or other mechanical means for the prevention of the inhalation of dust by workmen in processes of grinding. The statute, which is to be cited as “The Workshop Regulation Act,” contains twenty sections, and is to take effect on Jan. 1 next. Subject to the exceptions mentioned in the first schedule annexed to the Act, no child under eight years of age is to be employed in any handicraft; no child is to be employed on any one day for a period of more than six hours and a half, and such employment is to be between the hours of six in the morning and eight at night; no young person or woman in any handicraft during any period of twenty-four hours for more than twelve hours, with intervening periods for taking meals and rest amounting in the whole to not less than one hour and a half—and such employment is to take place between the hours of five in the morning and nine at night. No child, young person, or woman is to be employed in any handicraft on Sunday or after two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, except in cases where not more than five persons are employed in the same establishment and where such employment consists in making articles to be sold by retail on the premises, or in repairing articles of a like nature to those sold by retail on the premises. No child under eleven years of age is to be employed in grinding in the metal trades or in fustian-cutting. Penalties are to be levied for offences, and power is given to the officers to enter the workshops. There are regulations as to attendance at schools, and parents are to cause their children to attend under a penalty of 20s. for each offence. A sum may be paid for schooling and deducted from wages. The other provisions relate to the local authorities, inspectors, and as to the working of the Act, and the three schedules annexed contain the forms and certificates to be used in carrying into force the various provisions of the statute.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE EX-KING OF NAPLES, who had been attacked by cholera at Albano, is recovering.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK with the Swedish Princess Louisa is definitively announced.

M. DE LAMARTINE is at present residing in the charming valley of Daves, near Basle, in Switzerland.

SIR ROWLAND HILL is engaged in writing “The History of Penny Postage,” in which he has made good progress.

AN ENGLISH R.A. has received a commission to paint a portrait of the Empress of the French.

A STATUE TO DAVID TENIERS, the painter, has just been inaugurated at Antwerp.

AN ITALIAN POET has written a poem on strawberries which extends to 900 lines.

DIAMOND-SEEKING in the direction of Orange River, Cape of Good Hope, is now occupying much attention.

SIR JOHN MICHEL has resigned the command of the army in Canada, and it is said in military circles that the position has been offered to General Sir Fenwick Williams.

THE BISHOP OF PARMA having excommunicated from the pulpit the journal *Il Presente*, of that city, the effect was soon visible, as the next day the editor published a numerous list of persons who stated that they felt bound to subscribe to the excommunicated journal.

SCOUNDRELS are inundating our great public schools with circulars tempting the pupils to engage in betting speculations.

SIR RICHARD BULKELEY, Bart., has given permission to his tenantry in the neighbourhood of Beaumaris to kill rabbits on lands in their holding by any means they like to adopt.

M. RATTAZZI, the Italian Prime Minister, intends submitting to the Parliament, on its re-assembling, a revision of the custom-house tariffs, with a view to increase the revenue and diminish smuggling.

THE OVERFLOWING OF THE NILE has taken place this year under the most favourable conditions, and the harvest promises to be magnificent.

THE BOILER OF A FLAX-MILL, at Randalstown, in the county of Antrim, burst on Tuesday afternoon, killing Mr. Barnett, the owner, and five of his men. Four others were seriously injured.

MR. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON has gone to Paris to attend the Anti-Slavery Conference, and will return to London in a few days to fulfil an engagement to be present at the annual Crystal Palace demonstration of the National Temperance League, on Tuesday, Sept. 3.

LORD HUBERT DE BURGH CANNING, son of Lord Clanricarde, will not assume the title of his lamented brother, Lord Dunkellin, but that of Viscount Burke of Clanmorrie—a title of nearly a century later date than that of Dunkellin.

PROFESSOR TYNDAL, DR. PERCY, and MR. BARRY, a committee appointed to report on the best means for improving the acoustic qualities of the House of Lords, have recommended that they be permitted to postpone full consideration of the subject until the beginning of next Session.

PINEAPPLES are now made in Paris from turnips, and are said to be delicious; the turnips are saturated with an appropriate syrup, which confectioners know very well how to manufacture; and the pineapple “is destined to become a success.”

THE HONOUR OF KNIGHTHOOD has been conferred on Mr. John Brown, of the Atlas Ironworks, Sheffield, the famous manufacturer of the iron armour-plates for our ships of war.

FOUR MEN, two ferrymen and two passengers, were carried over Niagara Falls at a late hour on the evening of Aug. 13.

THE REFORM LEAGUE BANQUET is provisionally fixed for Monday, Sept. 30, and is to take place at the Crystal Palace. The committee have received letters from Mr. Bright, M.P.; Mr. T. Hughes, M.P.; Mr. J. S. Mill, M.P.; Mr. Torrens, M.P.; General Thompson, and other gentlemen, approving the proposed fête and promising their co-operation.

RICCIOTTI GARIBOLDI, the son of the General, is now in England. The exact purport of his visit is not known; but the surmise is that it has something to do with the Roman question—probably, its financial requirements.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, which began on Tuesday, promises to be one of the most successful of these grand musical gatherings. Not only are several of the best works of older composers performed, but new works by Professor Sterndale Bennett and Mr. J. F. Barnett are being produced. The pecuniary success of the festival seems to be certain.

M. NARCISSE MICHELET, uncle of the celebrated author of “L'Oiseau” and “L'Insecte,” died lately at Voscel (Seine Inférieure), at the age of ninety. He was a working printer, and the senior of the fraternity in France. In obedience to his desire his funeral took place without Catholic rites. The Mayor of his commune superintended the “civil” interment.

FOURTEEN MEN AND BOYS WERE KILLED, on Tuesday, in the Little Delph Mine at the Garwood Park Colliery, belonging to Messrs. D. Bromfiel and Co., at Haydock, near St. Helen's. The colliery is one of the largest in the district, and employs about 800 hands, working five mines by four shafts.

THE BAKERS OF BUFFALO are obliged to stamp every loaf of bread with their initials. The law against light weight and poor material is rigidly enforced. Bread which does not come up to the standard is confiscated for the benefit of the poor, and the fraudulent baker is besides subjected to a fine of twenty-five cents per loaf.

AN ACTION brought by Mr. F. B. Chatterton, lessee of Drury-lane Theatre, against Mr. Sims Reeves, for breach of contract, he not having, according to an agreement entered into with the plaintiff, acted and sung in “Rob Roy” for twelve nights, at 40s. each night, has resulted in the plaintiff being awarded £1500 and costs.

THE PASSAGE OVER MONT CENIS BY RAILWAY is now an accomplished fact, the first engine and train having, on Monday, travelled over the line from Michel to Susa, a distance of forty-eight miles, and at an elevation of 6700 ft. above the sea level. Traffic operations are expected to be commenced some time in the month of October.

THE NOTORIOUS BROADHEAD has received the first instalment of the punishment which inevitably awaits him—his indemnity notwithstanding. The licensing magistrates of Sheffield have refused to renew Broadhead's license, on the ground that he was not a fit and proper person to keep a public-house.

MESSRS. POTTER AND HARTWELL have put forward an address to working men calling upon them to return only men who will do “justice to labour” and legalise the trades unions. An effort is to be made to secure the minority seats for the trade organisations. A demonstration managed by tailors has been made in Aberdeen with a similar view, and workmen will probably contest several of the large northern towns.

AT CAPUICO, MEXICO, the pretty peasant girls have an ingenious device for selling necklaces made of shells, principally on the days when steamers arrive. Holding you a necklace, they say, “Me give you a present, Senor,” and then retire with a low courtesy. Returning, however, in a few moments, they say, sweetly, “You make me a present, Senor, of a quarter of a dollar?” and they get the money.

A NEW ACT imposes a stamp duty of one penny on all letters of allotment of any share in any company, or proposed company, or in respect of any loan raised or proposed by a company; on scrip certificates, and on scrip or other documents in respect of any loan. A penalty of £20 is imposed upon any person who shall “sign, grant, issue, or deliver any document chargeable with” such stamp duty before the same shall be duly stamped.

A NEW MINERAL has been discovered in Borneo. It is mixed with the platinum found in that region. It forms small grains, or globules, of a dark grey colour and of considerable lustre. Many of these grains exhibit brilliant crystalline facets, which are the faces of a regular octohedron. The new mineral is very hard and brittle; it does not fuse before the blow-pipe, but diffuses a strong odour of sulphurous acid. It is to be called sulphate of ruthenium.

MR. JUSTICE O'HAGAN is about to receive a compliment in Belfast, his native town, which indicates a generous spirit in political opponents. It is proposed to place in the Townhall a bust of the learned Judge, which has been executed by Mr. Shakespeare Wood. A committee has been formed, subscriptions have been freely given alike by Conservatives and Whigs; and on the list of trustees are the names of the Mayor, the Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce.

LOPEZ, after his betrayal of Maximilian, went to Puebla to visit his wife. His reception was decidedly cold. His wife advanced to meet him, leading their little son by the hand, and addressed him thus, “—Sir, here is your son; we cannot cut him in two—take him. You are a base coward and traitor. You have betrayed your country and your benefactor. From this hour we are strangers, for I shall this day retire to my family. Go.”

FRENCH FLANDERS is at present celebrating the third centenary of its union to France. In 1665, on the death of Philip IV. of Spain, Louis XIV. claimed possession of Flanders and Franche-Comté as an indemnity for the dowry of the Queen, which had never been paid. On the refusal of Spain, the province was occupied in a single campaign. The following year Flanders was finally ceded to the crown of France. This is the event which is now being celebrated in the fêtes of Lille.

THE FATE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Letters received from on board her Majesty's ship Highflyer, now stationed near Zanzibar, state that the Shiek of Kiwila had informed the officers that Dr. Livingstone was still alive, although many of his followers had been killed in a fight with the natives. Since this time twelvemonth the Highflyer has been very successful in intercepting the dhows employed in the slave trade on the Mozambique and Zanzibar coast. It has captured in all sixteen of these vessels, containing 574 slaves.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

I HAVE no gossip to report from the clubs this week, simply because there is nobody at the clubs with whom to gossip. Everybody who is anybody is "gone out of town," and so I must rely upon your other contributors supplying the place of the matter usually furnished by the "Lounge at the Clubs." I have but two scraps of information to send you, and these I have not picked up at the clubs.

I perceive, from the report of the directors, that the receipts of the General Omnibus Company have fallen off considerably of late. I am not very much surprised at this, nor do I greatly regret it, considering the wretched character of the vehicles provided for the conveyance of the public and the utter falsification of all their professions of which the directors have been guilty. But, perhaps, the deficiency in the receipts may have some connection with a little bit of manipulation of which I was a witness last Saturday. On that day, along with a friend, I got into an omnibus in the Euston-road, and proceeded with it to the London Bridge railway station. I noticed that a waybill was fixed in a small frame to the door of the bus, and that each time a passenger alighted the conductor made an entry on the waybill. On scanning this document as closely as my position would allow, I found that it was divided into sections, marked with the different rates of fare payable on the journey—namely, 2d., 3d., 4d., and 6d. Well, I do not know how the conductor managed with the short-distance fares; but I know that he received certainly two (I paid them myself), and I think three, sixpenny fares at London Bridge, and that he entered them on the waybill, one in the sixpenny, one in the fourpenny, and one in the threepenny columns, and, I suppose, accounted for them at these rates to the company's collector.

I was present at the Crystal Palace last Sunday, on which day, through the instrumentality of the "National Sunday League," from 8000 to 10,000 persons were admitted. The doors were opened at half-past one. Sacred music, selected from the works of Handel, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Mozart, was performed on the great organ, from three to four o'clock; after which singing, by the choir of the Sunday Evenings for the People, took place until five o'clock. The picture gallery and grounds were equally attractive, and everybody seemed highly gratified with the exertions of the "Sunday League." That persons are opposed to the "League," however, is evinced by the fact that little children were at the railway station distributing bills on which the following words were printed:—

If thou turn thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.—Isaiah lviii. 13 and 14.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

It is dull work lounging in a theatrical desert. I find that my occupation is quite gone, and must be content to wait patiently until seaside and summer resorts give up their inhabitants, when theatres will open again, and a new lease of London life will commence. With the exception of the two facts that Mr. Hermann Vezin has closed the PRINCESS'S, and that Miss Kate Terry has appeared as Juliet at the ADELPHI, I have no news to chronicle.

Mr. Hermann Vezin's admirable performance of Harebell, the poet, in Mr. Willis' conscientious but not very lively play of "The Man o' Airlie," will most certainly increase his reputation as an actor, and make us regret more than ever these unfortunate months of torpor, when Mr. Vezin hides himself away from sight, almost expressing a wish to be forgotten for a while. He is as irritatingly fascinating and disappointing as a Will-o'-the-Wisp on marsh land. He shines, dazzles, and then goes out. In the present state of theatrical affairs we can ill spare Mr. Vezin, and I trust that his short campaign at the Princess's will hasten on his permanent occupation of his proper position on the stage. On the farewell night of Mr. Vezin's management his wife played for the first time. Mrs. Vezin selected Peg Woffington for her appearance, and, I need hardly say, played it to perfection. This was, honestly, a great treat, and again I had qualms of regret that Drury Lane should claim Mrs. Vezin for its own. I wish that the old legitimate business could get on without her, and that she would transfer her services to a lighter and more genial house, and play to a less sombre audience. Mrs. Vezin was very fairly supported by Miss Edith Stuart, who will win her way anywhere with that bright face and sunny hair of hers, and Mr. Forester, an actor who has worked himself up to his present position by unflinching industry and care.

If anyone is anxious to take my advice I will give it, and recommend them, now that the weather is so hot, and nothing of any particular consequence is going on at the theatres, to wend their way to the AMPHITHEATRE in Holborn, an admirably ventilated establishment, where there is invariably something worth seeing. The programme at the Amphitheatre is constantly changing, and the horse-ship is decidedly of a superior kind.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul will give their celebrated impersonations and popular songs at the STRAND THEATRE during the ensuing week.

A LOUNGER IN WALES.

I CAN tell you nothing about public men or public events this week, for I am far away from town, and have not for four days seen a newspaper. My papers have not been sent, or have been mis-sent; and here, at Bettws-y-Coed, though we are within five miles of a railway communicating with the Holyhead line, and have two considerable hotels, a post-office, and other marks of advanced civilisation, a newspaper cannot be bought. This is a great privation, you will say. But you are mistaken, my friend. On the contrary, it is very jolly. I mean to stop here till the weather drives me away; and, were it not for your weekly exactions, I could do very well without newspapers. Do without them! I should think so; just as I can do without barrel-organs, German bands, London street cries, Parliamentary orators, &c. And as to this writing which I have to do, I think I can, for once, make up a column or so without the aid of newspapers. Suppose I give your readers something about my journey here, the incidents of the way, a few facts that have come to me through my ears or eyes, and something as to the place at which I arrived and its belongings. Here is, then, one little fact. At Euston station I went to the bookstall to buy one of Scott's novels—authorised sixpenny edition. I expected to see a huge pile stacked on the stall. I could not find one. "Boy," said I, "where are the Scott's novels?" "Don't keep them," he replied. "Don't keep them! Why not?" "Because if we did we should sell nothing else." Here then, to begin with, is a small fact worth reflecting upon. Some of these novels were first published more than fifty-six years ago; all have been in the hands of the public more than thirty-five years, for Sir Walter died in 1832; and still they are so popular that an experienced bookseller is afraid to have them on his stalls because if they were there nobody would buy anything else. You will, perhaps, say, "Surely the boy was chaffing." Well, I thought so at first; but, when at every stall on the line I found that these novels are not kept, I came to the conclusion that the boy spoke the truth. Here, then, is an example of popularity I think quite unparalleled. Can you point to any other series of books, or even a single book, published from thirty-five to fifty years ago, a sixpenny edition of which Mr. Smith would be afraid to expose on his stalls for fear the public should refuse to buy anything else? I know of none. I was amused and surprised by this incident; but as I reflected my surprise vanished, for, indeed, I discovered the philosophy of it all in myself, when I recollected that though I have read all Sir Walter's novels over and over again, read them in my boyhood, and read them in my middle age, and yet now that my head is grey, and I have passed into my seventh decade, I read them with as much delight as ever. In fact, some of these novels are like a symphony of Beethoven's, which charms me more and more every time I hear it.

And now a word or two about a subject in which we are all inter-

ested, from the Sovereign to the pauper—to wit, the crops. Well, I have travelled right through the country, and travelled with my eyes open—eyes, too, accustomed to look at crops for many years—and this is my report. The crops are everywhere good, but not superabundant. They are better in the south than they are in the north; but I fancy they always are—the southerners are better farmers than the northerners, until you get into Scotland, and there, in the Lothians, you find farming far superior to anything, except here and there exceptional patches, which we have in England. English farmers think they do wonders, and no doubt farming has greatly improved during the last thirty years; but I must confess that, so far from being astonished at the improvement, I am surprised that it has not been greater. In truth, much of the farming in England is disgracefully bad. Thousands and thousands of acres of land have I seen during the last few days which ought to grow at least half as much corn again as I saw upon it. A Scotch friend of mine suggested to me some time ago, as we walked over a nobleman's estate, that the reason why English husbandmen do not farm better is that they do not pay rent enough for their land; and, paradoxical as this may seem, there may be truth in it. "What does this man pay per acre," said he, "for his excellent land?" "About 35s.," I replied. "In Scotland it would fetch £5; but then there we should get off it double the produce; and, depend upon it, if this man had to pay £5 he would get twice as much produce as he does now." But you will ask, if the land be worth £5 per acre, why is it let for 35s.? Surely no man in his senses would let land for less than half its marketable value? My dear greenhorn, you talk like a huckster. Great Lords never think of marketable value. What they are supremely ambitious to possess is not money, but power. There is my Lord Bulford. Everybody knows that, what with settlements and mortgages—though he has a rent-roll of £30,000 a year—he is, for a Lord, exceedingly poor. And everybody who knows the value of land will tell you, that if he went in for marketable value he might have, in a few years, £30,000 a year clear. "Then, why don't he?" Simply, my friend, because, though he gained in wealth he would lose in power; for, instead of a body of subservient obsequious tenantry, always at his command and never willing to vote against their landlord, his tenants would all have leases, and being, moreover, conscious that they were giving the marketable value of their land, would be as independent of their landlord as the occupiers of the houses in Belgrave or Eaton squares are of theirs. But of this sort of thing my Lord has a great horror, and so he prefers powerful poverty to powerless wealth. Do you remember what happened in Aberdeenshire last year? Aberdeenshire was represented by a Mr. Leslie. He retired to let in Sir James Elphinstone, whom the Conservatives, then in opposition, wanted in the House to bully the Admiralty. Sir James had got the support of the great landlords, and thought himself secure. But this snug arrangement got wind. The tenant-farmers were indignant, and, in spite of all the landlords could do, swept Sir James out of the field, and elected Mr. Fordyce by more than 1000 majority. But then these tenant-farmers all have long leases, and pay the marketable value for their land. But about the produce of land in England, which I was speaking of—well, on this subject I will give you the opinion of Richard Cobden. "If all the land in England," said he once, in my hearing, "were let on long leases, at its marketable value, it would produce double the quantity of corn to what it does now."

I am, as I have said, at Bettws-y-Coed, long the head-quarters of artists who visit North Wales. I am told, though, that this year there are more artists at a little place called Trefriw than there are at Bettws. Still, there must be a good many here, for you cannot walk a mile but you come upon one squatting upon a stone in the midst of a stream, or cowering down in some deep ravine or dell, or perched up on some all but inaccessible ledge on a mountain side. The easiest way to get to Bettws is by the London and North-Western Railway to Conway, and thence southwards by the railway to Llanrwst, and thence by omnibus or car. Next season there will be a line from Llanrwst to Bettws. It is already made, and will be open for goods traffic in October; but it will not be of much use for passengers this year. But in 1868 we shall be able to leave London at nine, and arrive here in the very heart of the mountain district by 5.30. In prospect of the opening of this line, of course one hears a deal of inane snobbish gabble about Bettws being spoiled by irruptions of vulgar excursionists. How my very soul loathes this vulgar snobbery! What harm can it do to me that a hundred people, even though they are dressed in fustian or cloth of frieze, are gazing with wonder at the same moment with myself at the Swallow Falls or mounting the neighbouring rocks to get a view of the cloud-crowned Snowdon or Moel Siabod, or waking the echoes at Llyn Geryonedd, or holding up their hands with amazement, or shouting for very joy as the wondrous gorge into which the Conway falls, and flashes, and roars, opens upon their view? Harm! no harm; but, on the contrary, good. I always feel that my pleasure in looking at beautiful scenery is increased and not lessened by the fact that others are enjoying it with me. "But they are so vulgar, these people." No, they are not. It is the hackneyed tourist who rushes about doing the country merely that he may have to say that he has done it, or the painter (not artist) who travels, in the spirit of a huckster, merely to manufacture wares that will sell, that are to me vulgar. About these excursionists there is a freshness, an eagerness, an enthusiasm which charms me. By-the-way, this line is not to stop here, but to wind itself through the valleys and passes, as far as Festiniog, with a view to the slate quarries and mines in its course. The Festiniog slate quarries belong to Lady Palmerston. They are extensive; but, with a railway thereto, may be still more extended. There is, I see, here at Bettws, a new slate quarry opened. It is the property of a limited company, the principal shareholder in which is Sir Daniel Gooch, chairman of the Great Western. It does not pay yet; but with this railway to carry away the slates it must pay, if it be true, as one hears, that the Penryn quarries and the Llanberis, one belonging to Lord Penryn and the other to Mr. Assheton Smith, have more orders on hand than can be executed in three years.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PEOPLE must have noticed the extraordinary amount of exertion the Emperor Napoleon has gone through during the last six months. Receiving and entertaining crowned heads by the score, the ever-recurring state ceremonial, journeys to Havre and to Châlons, then to Salzburg, then back to Paris, and thence to Lille, all the while his brain filled with the politics of two hemispheres; this is no small amount of work for a man who was reported last year to be dying. On Sunday last he drove out quietly in an open barouche, and looked as if he had gone through a course of sanitary training.

Most manifest signs of decay appear setting in as regards the Exhibition. I tell you they don't manage these things better in France. The spirit in which the commission set about the work was narrow, and its object was mean. A high-sounding phrase cannot cover its real character. They have made everybody pay, and that swingingly, and, like all grasping people when they are deficient in shrewd sense, they are getting disappointed. One fine morning last week, all the chairs in front of the restaurants and cafés which line the right outer circle facing the park were *non est*. The commissioners had made a razzia under compulsion. They had at first sold the right of placing chairs in the open air for a good round sum; then they let the right of selling refreshments. But the custom in Paris is to take refreshments in the open air, and the cafés had their outside seats. Then came a law-suit, and the café chairs had to give way, although the concessionaire kindly offered to allow them to remain at the rate of 2*fr.* a day. The consequence is that the place is deserted, and promenaders have nothing more to complain of. But the restaurant-keepers threaten more actions, and everybody says—serve the Exhibition Commission right for their avarice and ignorance. The number of visitors has dwindled down to less than 40,000 daily; but, then, everybody has gone away from Paris now, and few are coming. The hotel-keepers and landlords are in the same category as the Exhibition management.

The truth is that M. Le Play, the acting Commissioner, might have made the Exhibition great, useful, instructive, and free; he has preferred to make it, before all, lucrative, more or less amusing, always paltry. All he has succeeded in is in showing how much pleasure Paris—Paris in its decline, can give to European visitors.

If Paris is decaying, however, it is not for want of law and order. Indeed, some people think the latter is killing it. At any rate, no fault can be found with the authorities on one point—rascally tradesmen don't escape here with a nominal penalty, as in London; they are not sent to prison, indeed, but the deterrent is sufficient. For instance, the *femme* Hoguet is detected transforming the milk of the cow into what one of your lawyers lately termed "the milk of commerce"—that is to say, she added 30 per cent of water. What happens? She is fined 40*s.*, and on each side of her shop door is placarded a large, clearly printed notice, headed "Prefecture de Police," setting forth the facts; and fifty similar notices are posted about the neighbourhood, the expense of which the *femme* Hoguet pays. Her milk walk, consequently, becomes at once worth nothing at all. It is like putting a ticket on the back of a cheat, "Here is a rogue!" Do you think your metropolitan members would go in for a law like this?

THE LATE PROFESSOR FARADAY.

THE world of science lost on Sunday one of its most assiduous and enthusiastic members. The life of Michael Faraday had been spent from early manhood in the single pursuit of scientific discovery; and, though his years extended to seventy-three, he preserved to the end the freshness and vivacity of youth in the exposition of his favourite subjects, coupled with a measure of simplicity which youth never attains. His perfect mastery of the branches of physical knowledge he cultivated, and the singular absence of personal display which characterised everything he did, must have made him under any circumstances a lecturer of the highest rank; but, as a man of science, he was gifted with the rarest felicity of experimenting, so that the illustrations of his subjects seemed to answer with magical ease to his call. It was this peculiar combination which made his lectures attractive to crowded audiences in Albemarle-street for so many years, and which brought, Christmas after Christmas, troops of young people to attend his expositions of scientific processes and scientific discovery with as much zest as is usually displayed in following lighter amusements.

Faraday was born, in the neighbourhood of London, in the year 1791. He was one of those men who have become distinguished in spite of every disadvantage of origin and of early education; and, if the contrast between the circumstances of his birth and of his later worldly distinction be not so dazzling as is sometimes seen in other walks of life, it is also true that his career was free from the vulgar ambition and uneasy strife after place and power which not uncommonly detract from the glory of the highest honours. His father was a smith; and he himself, after a very imperfect elementary education, was apprenticed to a bookbinder named Riebau, in Blandford-street. He was, however, already inspired with the love of natural science. His leisure was spent in the conduct of such chemical experiments as were within his means, and he ventured on the construction of an electrifying machine, thus foreshadowing the particular sphere of his greatest future discoveries. He was eager to quit trade for the humblest position as a student of physical science; and, his tastes becoming known to a gentleman who lived in his master's neighbourhood, he obtained for him admission to the chemical lectures which Sir Humphry Davy, then newly knighted and in the plenitude of his powers, was delivering at the Royal Institution. This was in 1812. Faraday not only attended the lectures, but took copious notes of them, which he carefully re-wrote and boldly sent to Sir Humphry, begging his assistance in his desire "to escape from trade and to enter into the service of science." The trust in Davy's kindness which prompted the appeal was not misplaced. Sir Humphry warmly praised the powers shown in the notes of his lectures, and hoped he might be able to meet the writer's wishes. Early in 1813 the opportunity came. The post of assistant in the laboratory in Albemarle-street became vacant, and Sir Humphry offered it to Faraday, who accepted it with a pleasure which can be easily imagined, and thus commenced, in March, 1813, the connection between Faraday and the Royal Institution which only terminated with his life. Faraday became very soon firmly attached to Davy. The only instance of a suspension—for it was a suspension and not a breach—of his connection with the Royal Institution occurred from October, 1813, to April, 1815, during which time he accompanied Sir Humphry as his scientific assistant and secretary in his travels on the Continent. His life after his return was devoted uninterruptedly to his special studies. In 1821, while assisting Davy in pursuing the investigation of the relations between electricity and magnetism, first started by Oersted, he made the brilliant discovery of the convertible rotation of a magnetic pole and an electric current, which was the prelude to his wonderful series of experimental researches in electricity. These investigations procured him the honour of being elected Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences in 1823, and Fellow of the Royal Society in 1825. In 1827 he published his first work, a volume on "Chemical Manipulation;" and in 1829 he was appointed Chemical Lecturer at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich—a post he held, in conjunction with his duties at the Royal Institution, for many years. In 1831 his first paper appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the subject of electricity, describing his experimental studies of the science; and from that time, for many years, the *Transactions* annually contained papers by Faraday, giving the method and results of his investigations. These papers, with some others contributed to scientific journals on the same subject, were subsequently collected, at different intervals, in three volumes, under the title of "Experimental Researches in Electricity." The first volume appeared in 1839, and contained the contributions to the *Philosophical Transactions* up to that date. The second volume was published in 1844, and the third in 1855. It is not too much to say that by the experiments thus described Faraday formed the science of electricity. He established the identity of the forces manifested in the phenomena known as electrical, galvanic, and magnetic; he ascertained with exactness the laws of its action; he determined its correlation with the other primal forces of the natural world. While he was still pursuing the brilliant career of investigation which thus proved so successful, the chair of chemistry was founded at the Royal Institution in 1833, and Faraday was naturally appointed its first professor. In 1835 he was recommended by Lord Melbourne for a pension of £300 a year in recognition of his great distinction as a discoverer. From that period his career has been one of increasing honour. Oxford conferred on him an honorary degree upon the first occasion of the meeting of the British Association at the University. He was raised from the position of corresponding member to be one of the eight foreign Associates of the Academy of Sciences. He was an officer of the Legion of Honour, and Prussia and Italy decorated him with the crosses of different orders. The Royal Society conferred on him its own medal and the Rumford medal. In 1858 the Queen most graciously allotted to him a residence at Hampton Court, between which and Albemarle-street he spent the last years of his life, and where he peacefully died on Sunday. The belief in the disinterested zeal and lofty purity of life of the students of philosophy, which was one motive for Faraday's petition when a lad to Davy to enable him to become a servant in the humblest walks of science rather than to spend his days in the pursuit of trade, was redeemed by Faraday's whole life. No man was ever more entirely unselfish, or more entirely beloved. Modest, truthful, candid, he had the true spirit of a philosopher and of a Christian, for it may be said of him, in the words of the father of English poetry,

Gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

The cause of science would meet with fewer enemies, its discoveries would command a more ready assent, were all its votaries imbued with the humility of Michael Faraday.



GIRAFFES.

SHOREDITCH TOWNHALL.

THIS edifice will be one of an imposing character, and the most costly and handsome of any vestry or townhall in the metropolis. The ground upon which it stands was purchased by the vestry for £7425; but some portion of the land will be disposed of for a fire-engine station. The contract price for erecting the building is £20,290, but this does not include heating or lighting apparatus, nor the fittings, which might be set down at about £4000 more; other charges, such as the architect's commission and the salary of the clerk of the works, will bring the total cost up to about £33,000. The building will have a frontage of about 74 ft., by 130 ft. in depth, and, including external walls, will cover an area of 84 ft. by 140 ft., or near 12,000 square feet. The basement stories will be devoted to extra offices, housekeeper's apartments, laboratory, stores, strong-room, lavatories, &c. The ground floor will contain offices for officials of the various departments, besides council-chambers, session waiting-rooms, vestry, &c. The corridor, which is 15 ft. wide, is in the Roman-Doric style, and paved with Minton's tiles. The council-chamber is Ionic in style, with an inverted coned ceiling. This room is 9 ft. by 36 ft., the ceiling being 28 ft. high; and is lighted by two sun-lights. The story above is to be the great hall, certainly one of the finest public halls east of Temple Bar. It will have four staircases, and will be capable of seating about 2500 persons. The style of architecture adopted in this room is of the Composite order, and it will be lighted by four sun-burners. The building is fireproof, the architect using Messrs. Fox and Barrett's patent flooring. The façade of the building is of classic design, comprising the Roman, Doric, and Corinthian orders, the portico being Ionic. The entire front will be of Portland stone; the sides and back



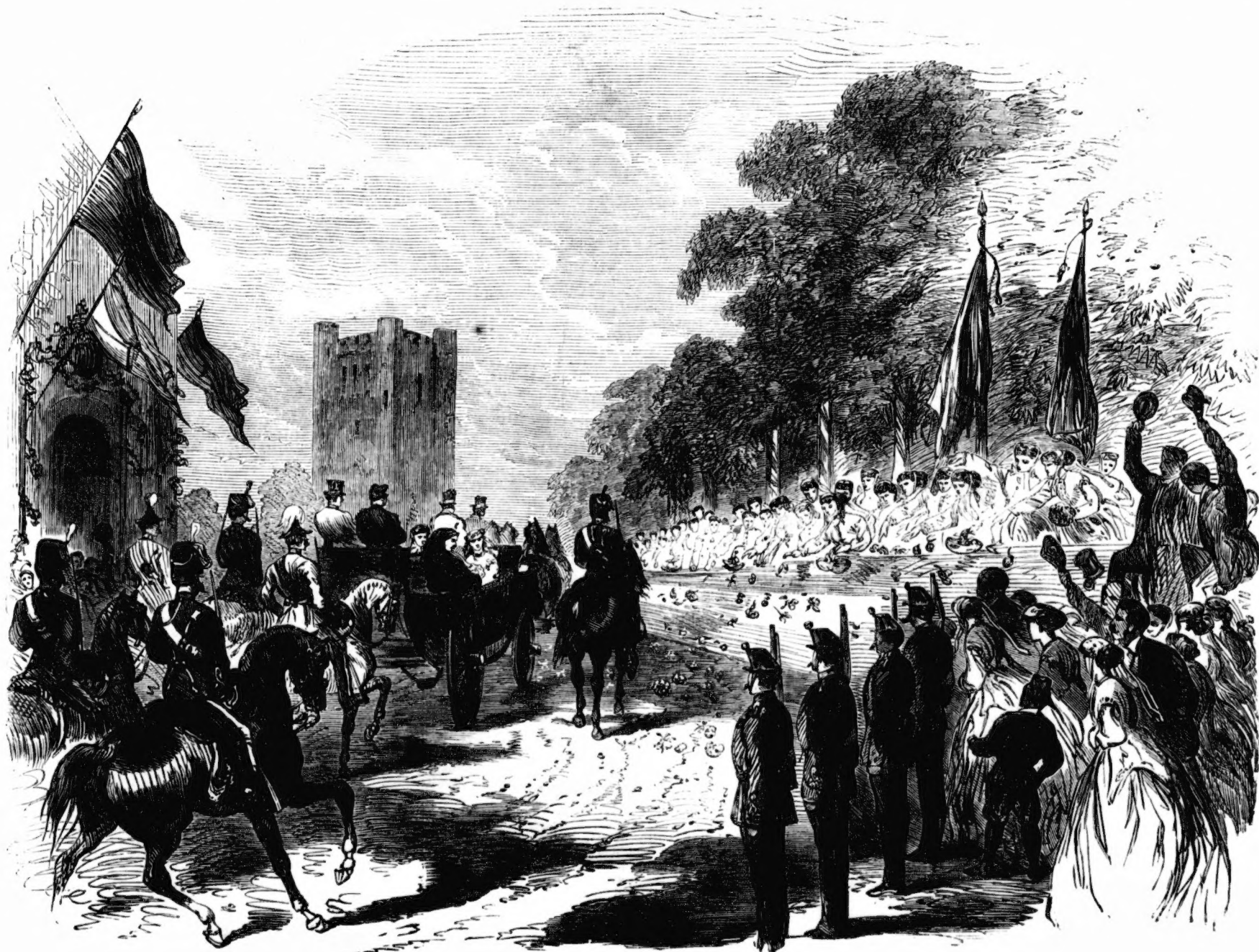
THE NEW TOWNHALL, SHOREDITCH.—(C. A. LONG, ESQ., ARCHITECT)

of brick, with stone dressings. The carving has been executed by Mr. I. W. Leale, of Walworth-road. The modelling and the whole of the plastering by Mr. T. Parsons, of Gray's-inn-road. The gas arrangements have been intrusted to Mr. W. Lilley, gas engineer, of Kingsland-road. The architect is C. A. Long, Esq., of Bishopsgate-street. The builders are Messrs. Perry, of Stratford. The whole of the work is being carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas Merriam, clerk of the works to the vestry. The foundation-stone was laid by Sir John Thwaites on March 23, 1866.

OUR GIRAFFES.

THE terrible accident by which the giraffe-house in the Zoological Gardens caught fire, and the consequent destruction of two of those beautiful animals, was almost a public calamity; so it is scarcely surprising that the present specimens should attract more than ordinary attention; and, for the benefit of those of our readers who are among the stay-at-homes in London during the present season, we publish an illustration of this most interesting point in the great London resort. Seeing that, after all the talk of "everybody" being out of town, about five sixths of the population of the metropolis remain here during the autumn season, the appreciation of such places as the Zoological Gardens is pretty general all the year round; and it would be difficult indeed to discover a better reason for taking a day's, or even a half day's, holiday than to visit this most complete collection of animals and wander about the green turf and beneath the shady retreats of one of the finest resorts in Europe.

All of us are acquainted with the giraffes by this time, for they have been among us for so long that it is wonderful we have not somehow utilised both them and their second cousin twice removed, the dromedary. We know all about their beau-



THE QUEEN AT KELSO: LADIES STREWING BOUQUETS BEFORE HER MAJESTY.

tiful spotted skins, their long necks, their tender and, apparently, only rudimentary horns, their long prehensile tongues, with which they gather the tender shoots and leaves of the acacia, and by using which they can grasp a piece of sugar and convey it to their mouths. We have heard how tame they will become, like that one in the old Hippodrome at Constantinople, which was taken through the streets every day, and would tap at the wooden lattices of the high windows of the houses that the Turkish ladies might give it its customary sweetmeats. We have heard, too, that it loves to lick the soft hand of a fair patroness, and that, though it is so timid that it flies from strangers and draws up its long neck that its head may be out of their reach, it will go to meet its old acquaintances and dumbly express its pleasure at seeing them again. Then there all sorts of learned disquisitions respecting the "camel-leopard" (so called because of its camel-like form and its leopardine spots), as to whether it was included under the beasts permitted to be eaten by the Israelites by the name of zemer, said to be the zarahpa, zerafet, or zira'et (plural, zeraif and zeraif) of the Arabians. It is not an inhabitant of Arabia or Palestine, it is true, but of Nubia and Ethiopia; but its flesh may have been eaten, as that of the camel is still consumed. Belzoni speaks of the camel-leopard on the wall of the Tekos of the Memnonium; and it appears in some of the reliefs representing processions, where it probably (as it is led by a man) forms part of the spoils taken by the victor. The great fleetness, as well as the extreme sensitiveness, of the giraffe makes it difficult for the hunter to capture it alive. The pace of the animal is very rapid; and in running it seems to move the fore and hind leg on the same side almost, but not quite, simultaneously; while in galloping it erects its long neck and prances high with its long forelegs, as though it were about to leap over some considerable obstacle. The hind legs can deal formidable blows; and, though the giraffe is provided with few means of defence, its speed and extreme, almost nervous, sensitiveness and timidity suffice to keep it out of harm's way, even from the lion; while the hunter who would get within range of this great game needs a swift and untiring horse.

THE QUEEN ON THE BORDER.

THE Border scenery of Scotland is not so picturesque as that which stretches north of Tay and Clyde. No frowning mountains cast their giant shadow over lake and glen, no far-stretching expanses of desolation afford coverts for the red deer. But the south has a beauty peculiarly its own, and, above all, every spot is hallowed by some association with the most interesting events of history. Her Majesty has not hitherto visited the Scottish Borders; indeed, we question whether the Border towns have witnessed a Royal pageant since the change of dynasty. In ancient times the visits of the monarchs of either country to the Borders were generally for purposes of violence—either to invade or repel invasion—either to put down some noted freebooter, or to share in the spoils of greater freebooting expeditions undertaken on their own account. When Queen Mary sped through the south, it was when she was fleeing from the victorious faction of her nobles; but, in her eagerness to ask for foreign aid to quench domestic turmoil, she placed herself in the power of a more dangerous adversary. Victoria, who has fallen on more peaceful times, passes from one realm to another only to be received by equally warm and loyal hearts. The nobles who stand around her throne know their position and duties better than did their ancestors. The Queen, carefully limiting herself within the paths of the Constitution, has earned from the first hour of her reign her people's love; and the people, steadily advancing in comfort, in liberty, in civilisation, give to the Throne an unwavering attachment such as far surpasses the devotion of the Hungarian chivalry to Maria Theresa.

While every street of the old towns of Kelso and Melrose and Jedburgh is classic ground, we cannot forget that their wealth of tradition and history has been touched by the hand of an enchanter, and tinted with brighter colours by the power of genius. It is not the natives of Roxburgh or Selkirk alone to whom the Eildon hills are familiar, or the grey ruin of Melrose; it is not they alone who claim Tweed and Teviot as their own, and to whom Abbotsford is a place of pilgrimage. Walter Scott may have been a dweller by Tweedside when his marvellous compositions were awakening a new interest in his country; but wherever the English language is spoken he is now claimed as a countryman. Those southern counties of Scotland, which were once the haunts of fierce bandits and the constant scene of wars and tumults, have been peopled by the poet and the novelist with another race, with whom the whole world claims kindred. The visit of her Majesty is of deep interest to many who have never seen, and may never see, Melrose aught, either beneath the blaze of the summer sun, or in the soft moonlight, when the dark aisles seem to become peopled by the ghosts of other times.

The scenes through which her Majesty has passed are of softer beauty than the hills and glens of Balmoral; but nowhere can a grander landscape greet the eye than from the battlements of Floors Castle. All around the country is in the highest state of cultivation, the farmer treading close upon the heels of the proprietor in point of capital, of influence, of independence. The shepherds, of whom a large portion of the peasantry consist, receive better wages than the labouring population generally; and in addition to their wages they usually share in the increase of the flock, to stimulate their watchfulness and zeal. The Duke is at peace with the squire, and the squire with the farmer; the peasantry are at peace with those above them in station. These may seem themes more appropriate for Parliament in its Session than for the Queen in the enjoyment of a holiday, but they are the wisest rulers who are most eager to learn lessons which they can afterwards apply for the welfare of their people.

The Queen reached Kelso station at 11.20 on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st inst., the train being an hour and forty minutes later than was expected, owing principally to a detention at Carlisle for rearrangement of the train. The weather was splendid, and the Queen's reception was most enthusiastic. Her Majesty looked extremely well, and appeared highly delighted, especially with the cordial warmth with which she was greeted. Before reaching the abbey about fifty young ladies and girls presented themselves, scattering flowers on her Majesty's path. The same scene occurred again in the public square, where an address was presented and a little child was lifted up to present a bouquet. Her Majesty showed lively gratification with her reception. The multitude was most orderly, and, as the carriages were open and proceeding slowly, every one saw the Royal party to great advantage. The Queen reached Floors before twelve o'clock, and, after luncheon, visited the shiel, a fishing-lodge on the estate, and the gardens of Floors. In the evening there was a general illumination of the town and a grand lighting of the beacons.

On Thursday afternoon, the 22nd, her Majesty and the Royal party, with the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, visited Abbotsford and Melrose Abbey. The weather was beautifully fine, and the charming scenery for which that neighbourhood is famous was seen to great advantage. Notwithstanding the dictum of the poet,

He who would view fair Melrose right
Must visit it by pale moonlight,

her Majesty was doubtless well content with the picturesque beauty of those still grand, although crumbling, walls, glided with the glowing rays of the setting sun.

On Friday, the 23rd, the Royal party went to Jedburgh, where their reception was of the most enthusiastic character. Her Majesty left Floors Castle the same evening, and on Saturday last arrived safely at Balmoral.

THE WORKS connected with the new Blackfriars Bridge are advancing very slowly, the last pier offering all sorts of engineering difficulties. The scour of the river at this part is very unequal and severe. Thus the deposit of silt and ooze has year by year been added to on the Middlesex side, while on the Surrey side the fore-bank has been swept bare. This time next year ought to see the bridge fit for public traffic, though it will be, probably, a year and a half before it is finally completed to its utmost finish.

THE PERCY FAMILY.

THE recent death of the Duke of Northumberland imparts a special interest to the history of the ancient and noble family of which he was the head and representative. Consequently, we dare say, many of our readers will be glad to peruse the following outline of the history of the Percys, which is mainly taken from the able work, "The Governing Families of England," which appeared originally in the *Spectator* :—

"The first member of the illustrious house was William de Percy, one of the followers of the Conqueror. In the roll of Battle Abbey will be found the jingling couplet,

Percy Crus et Lacy,
Quincy et Tracy.

The ancestry of this Percy is rather legendary than historical. Confining ourselves to the latter, as far as possible, we therefore begin with William de Percy himself, otherwise Percy Algernon, or Percy with the whiskers, his hirsute honours having given birth to a family christian name. De Percy received as his share of the spoil thirty-two lordships in Lincolnshire, and eighty-six in Yorkshire, where he founded a great family. From the Conqueror's nephew, the Earl of Chester, he had the lordship of Whithy. He rebuilt the Abbey of St. Hilda, is stated to have married the daughter of Gospatrick, the great Saxon Earl of Northumberland, and died a Crusader in the Holy Land in 1096. Of his son, Lord Alan, little is known; but his eldest son, William, sided with King Stephen, and was the first of his family to enter upon the 'duty which for 400 years was never again absent from the thoughts or plans of the Percy,' by repelling a Scotch invasion at the Battle of the Standard. All Lord William's sons died before him, so that with him, just a hundred years after the Conquest, ended the first male line of the Percys, the estates passing by his daughter Agnes to the Lovaines. Joceline de Lovaine, her husband, claimed descent from Charlemagne, was brother-in-law of Henry I., and on his marriage dropped his own name for the popular one of Percy. To Joceline de Percy, his sister, Queen Adelise, gave possessions in Sussex. Of his four sons, the leadership of the house passed to the youngest, Richard, for his life. Richard was one of the chief amongst the Barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John, and was excommunicated for disobedience to the Pope's Legate. When he died the estates reverted to his nephew William, who was succeeded by his son and grandson, both named Henry. The former at first stood up for the Charter, but, when his lands were seized by Henry III., acted first against the Barons, and afterwards as mediator between the King and Simon de Montfort. The latter did good service in the field, was knighted by Edward I. before Berwick, and in 1309 transplanted the family to Northumberland by purchasing Alnwick of the then Bishop of Durham. He resisted the favourite Gaveston in the popular interest; and this course was followed by his son, another Henry, who received from Edward III. the title of Lord of the Marches and the castle and barony of Warkworth. He was the victor of Halidon Hill and Neville's Cross, and he commenced the strife with the Douglas which afterwards became hereditary. 'He died in 1352, a soldier and statesman of the first rank.' His son, another Henry, fought at Crecy, and married Lady Mary Plantagenet, great granddaughter of Henry III. This was the third Baron of Alnwick, and his eldest son became the first Earl of Northumberland; the younger Earl of Worcester. The former was 'one of the few nobles whose power, aided by John of Gaunt, shielded Wycliffe, and so fostered the germs of the Reformation.' Quarrelling with Lancaster, and the Scots seizing Berwick, Parliament ordered all his estates to be forfeited, but the Monarch refused to confirm the sentence. In 1398 he was one of the Twelve appointed to control Richard II., and was by that Monarch, in the following year, sentenced to perpetual banishment. The result of this was the deposition and death of Richard, and the raising of Bolingbroke to the throne as Henry IV. Hotspur was the son of this stout Earl, and in 1388 fought Otterbourne, his defeat in which he revenged in 1402 at Homildon. This has been called 'the unluckiest achievement in the whole family record.' The demand of the King for all the prisoners led to the Percy siding with the Earl of March, and at the Battle of Shrewsbury, where Hotspur was killed, Henry levied a heavy fine upon the old noble; but 'all England rose in protest against serious harm to the Earl.' Being scurvily treated, he, however, again rebelled, and in 1408 was surprised and killed at Bramham Moor, his head being put on a pole at London Bridge. His brother having been beheaded shortly after at Shrewsbury, only one male member of the family, a son of Hotspur, survived, and he was at the Scottish Court. This youth Henry V. restored to his title and all the entailed estates, and he showed his gratitude by dying for the Lancastrian cause at St. Albans, in 1455. His son Henry, the third Earl, married the heiress of the three families of Poyning, Fitz Payne, and Bryan, and 'possessed, therefore, in all probability, a larger territorial dominion than the family have ever since held.' He fell at Towton, striking for the house of Lancaster. Three of his brothers were killed on the same side. Then the next heir was thrown into the Tower, the family was attainted, and the earldom and estates granted to Lord Montagu, brother of the kingmaker. Eight years after the Percy regained all his honours and estates on taking the oath of allegiance. He acquiesced in the accession of Richard III., but at Bosworth held his forces aloof. He was murdered by the people of Yorkshire, infuriated by the weight of a subsidy levied by Henry VII., which he had vainly endeavoured to get reduced. His son and successor is the Earl of the well-known 'Household Book.' The sixth Earl had fallen in love with Anne Boleyn, but Cardinal Wolsey interfering, was married to Talbot. He plunged into debt, lived unhappily with his wife, and left no children. His brother joined in the Pilgrimage of Grace rebellion, and was executed at Tyburn. 'Within a month, June, 1537, the Earl died of heartbreak, and as the nephews could not inherit, the house of Percy Lovaine came momentarily to an end.' For a time the title and estates were held by the Dudleys, but Queen Mary annulled the attainder and regranted both to Thomas Percy, nephew of the sixth Earl. Under Queen Elizabeth he succeeded to the old family office of wardenship of the border. He was, however, a Catholic, and having taken up arms on the arrest of the Duke of Norfolk, was beheaded at York in 1572. His brother Henry was the eighth Earl, but he fell under suspicion, and, being accused of complicity in Throckmorton's conspiracy, was committed to the Tower. In the Tower he remained untried for about a year; but on June 20, 1585, a servant of Sir Christopher Hatton was substituted as his keeper, and the next morning the Earl was found dead, with three bullet wounds in his chest and a discharged pistol on the floor. Said to be a suicide, Raleigh believed this to be a murder. His son, the ninth Earl, helped to defeat the Armada, and was 'looked up to by the Catholics as their natural chief.' In return for his support King James promised to favour the members of his creed, the negotiations being conducted by Thomas Percy, a relative of the Earl, and afterwards one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators. However, when James came to the throne the Earl fell under a cloud; and, having been previously suspected, was brought before the Star Chamber as being privy to the Gunpowder treason. The first article against him was that 'he had endeavoured to be the head of the Papists, and to procure them toleration,' and the King allowed his former negotiations to be brought forward against him. The Earl being sentenced to a fine of £30,000, the loss of all offices, and imprisonment for life in the Tower, James confirmed the sentence, seized the estates, and leased them for his own benefit. The Earl remained in prison till July 18, 1621, fifteen years, which he spent in mental culture, being, perhaps, 'the most accomplished gentleman of his age.' After paying £11,000 he was released through the intervention of the Earl of Carlisle, his son-in-law, and 'exhibited his contempt for the court in an outbreak of characteristic magnificence. Buckingham drove six horses, so the Earl drove eight, and retired first to Bath and then to Petworth, where he maintained a court thronged by nobles and men of learning. The Stuarts paid for their baseness.' The Earl's eldest son, Algernon, who succeeded him in 1632, 'stood through life the unwavering foe of the Royal power.' He was one of the peers that remained at Westminster when the civil war broke

out; and, though leaning to the peace party in 1643, he, 'when the insincerity of the King became manifest, took his position as a recognised leader of the Independents, and, after the death of Charles, took the oath to the Commonwealth.' He opposed the death of the Monarch, but resisted the punishment of the members of the High Court of Justice, because he thought the execution would be 'a wholesome warning to future Sovereigns.' He also strove to secure guarantees before the restoration of Charles II. His son, the eleventh Earl, dying at Turin in 1670, left only a daughter; and the male line of the house of Percy Lovaine became extinct, after lasting nearly 500 years. 'During that entire period it had never been named in Scotland without a sense of fear, or in England without the feeling that here at least was one family which could be trusted to face the Throne. From the signing of Magna Charta to the last protest against the unconditional readmission of the evil Scotch house as Kings, the Percys had done battle with lives and fortunes against the Royal power, were the only great nobles who tried arms against the Imperial Henry VIII., and the last of the Barons who ventured to trust their followers in the field against the organised power of the Crown.' The heiress of the Percys, by a second marriage (not being then sixteen), conveyed the estates to the Duke of Somerset, one of the first nobles to welcome the Prince of Orange. 'His son Algernon was created Baron Percy; but he, again, had but one daughter, who, on July 18, 1740, married Sir Hugh Smithson, Baronet, of Stanwick, Yorkshire.' In 1749 the Duke Algernon 'was created Baron Warkworth and Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to his son-in-law, Sir Hugh, and all heirs male of the Lady Elizabeth; and the next day Baron Cockermouth and Earl of Egremont, with remainder to his nephew, Sir Charles Wyndham, Petworth and the Cumberland property going with the latter title. Sir Hugh succeeded in 1750, and just a hundred years ago, in 1766, became Earl Percy and the first Duke of Northumberland. He rebuilt Sion and Northumberland Houses, and re-edified Alnwick Castle; and is recorded to have planted over a million trees annually for twenty years in Northumberland. He extended the political power of the family by the purchase of Werrington Park, in Cornwall. Before the Reform Bill what is now the borough of Launceston returned four members, and then, as now, was commanded by Werrington. Three fourths of the influence so gained were swept away in 1832, and by the sale of Werrington a few years since to a London merchant the borough has now passed out of the ducal control, though his Grace still retains the nominal constableness of Launceston Castle. In 1784 the first Duke obtained fresh honours, being created Baron of Alnwick, with remainder to his second son Algernon, afterwards Baron Lovaine and Earl of Beverley, the father of the present Duke of Northumberland, and great-grandfather to Lord Warkworth, who is thus the great-great-grandson of the first Duke, the sometime Sir Hugh. The second Duke, also Hugh, won for himself fame for his services in America. Among other points of local interest we find him, in 1799, offering a lifeboat to North Shields, with an annuity of £20 a year for its support. We find him also giving £3000 towards the building of the Moot Hall Courts (the foundation of which was laid by his son, then Earl Percy, in 1810), in order to ease the burden on the poorer ratepayers. The schools which he founded also remain monuments to his benevolence. His son, the third Duke, succeeding him in 1817, became very popular as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He afterwards went as Ambassador Extraordinary to the coronation of Charles X., and defrayed at his sole expense the cost of his mission to the French Court. His brother Algernon, Lord Prudhoe, succeeded him as fourth Duke; and his princely expenditure in the building of cottages for the greater comfort of the poor on his extensive estates in the north, and the building of ten new churches to supply the spiritual wants on his property, are too recent to dwell upon in detail. He was called the 'good Duke' in the north, and well merited the appellation. The late Duke was his successor in the title."

M. VICTOR MEUNNIER publishes an article in the last number of *Cosmos* upon the feasibility of domesticating monkeys and instructing them in servile duties. M. Meunier is decidedly of opinion that the thing may be done by careful breeding and instruction.

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.—A negro, named Ephe, who was a regular attendant at church, was proud of his Bible learning. He was sawing wood one day, while his master's son, a lad of about twelve years, was looking on and now and then asking questions. Ephe asked, "Which of the Apostles do you like best?" "Well, I don't know," drawled the boy. "I like Samson," said Ephe; "he was so strong, and piled up dem wicked folks so." "Why, Ephe," replied the boy, "Samson wasn't one of the Apostles." Ephe put down his saw and looked at the youngster for a moment in amazement, and then asked him, with an air of triumph, "Look here, white boy, how old am you?" "Twelve," replied the boy. "Well, I see forty; now, who ought to know best, I ax you dat?"

AN ECCENTRIC QUARREL.—The great Revolution so absorbed men's minds that eccentric duels disappear for a while. Except that some are remarkable from the presence of political notabilities, there are few which would interest the reader. Combats became more frequent under the Empire, though an officer who was frequently engaged in duels was certain to earn the profound contempt of Napoleon. From the mass of uninteresting duels, let us pick out one worthy of mention, if only from the fact that it came to an end in 1813, after a duration of nineteen years. Fournier, a Captain of hussars, and a most inveterate duellist, had, without provocation, called out and killed at Strasburg a young man named Blumm, the only support of a large family. Fournier's skill was so great that this affair was regarded as little better than a murder. On the evening of Blumm's burial General Moreau gave a ball, and as it was suspected that Fournier would present himself, orders were given to Captain Dupont to refuse him admittance. The consequence was that Dupont received a challenge, which he gladly accepted in the hope of at last chastising the insolence of a hardened out-throat. Fournier fell wounded. "The first point to you," he exclaimed. "Then you mean to go on again?" "Yes; and before long, I hope." A month later it was Dupont's turn to be wounded. Fournier proposed pistols, but Dupont refused to accept a weapon which would give his adversary all the advantage. Fournier was so skilful with the pistol that frequently as the men of his regiment passed on horseback at a gallop, smoking, he would, with a bullet, knock the pipes out of their mouths. The two were so nearly equal with the sword that the contest seemed interminable; but they resolved to persevere till one or the other should admit himself to be beaten. To regulate their combats, the terms of an agreement were come to:—"1. Whenever Dupont and Fournier shall be within three leagues of one another, each shall go half way, in order that they may meet sword in hand. 2. If one of the two contracting parties should be prevented by his military duty, he who is free shall be bound to journey the whole distance, in order that the rules of the service and the requirements of the present treaty may be made to harmonise. 3. No excuses shall be accepted save those arising from military duties. 4. The present treaty being concluded in good faith, there can be no departure from conditions agreed on by the parties." The agreement was religiously adhered to, and the warmest friendship could not have created in the two officers a more eager desire to avail themselves of every opportunity to meet. "My dear friend," wrote one of these eccentric combatants, "I shall be at Strasburg on the 5th of November, about noon. Wait for me at the Hotel des Postes. We'll just have a touch at one another." Every now and then, the advancement of one or the other would interpose delay. This obstacle removed, Fournier (let me say) would write thus:—"My dear Dupont, I learn that the Emperor, recognising your deserts, has just made you a General. Accept my sincere congratulations on a promotion which is only what you deserve. Your nomination is a double source of joy to me. On your account I rejoice, and on my own also, for your promotion will give us the opportunity of an early meeting." At last they are both generals, but the combat goes on. At one time Dupont runs Fournier through the neck, and pins him to a wall, just like a butterfly in a case, but dares not change his position, as, if he does, Fournier can run him through. There they remain till their noise attracts the attention of some officers, who separate them. Dupont at last began to get weary of this endless contest; he was thinking of marrying, but must first settle with Fournier. Hunting him up, he proposed to finish up with pistols. To equalise the chances, it was decided that the combat should come off in a little wood. Accordingly, on the appointed day the last act opened. Advancing warily, the two at last caught a glimpse of one another. Each immediately took refuge behind a tree, Dupont, inferior in skill, had recourse to artifice. He quietly lifted up his coat-tail and pushed it beyond the tree; a ball whizzed through it immediately. A few minutes later the mouth of his pistol appeared on the other side of the tree, while, at the same time, just a corner of the hat projected, as if the wearer were peeping out to take aim. In a moment a ball carried the hat away among the bushes. "Your life is in my hands," said Dupont; "but I won't take it." "As you like," said Fournier. "Only mind," continued the victor, "I reserve my right to put a couple of balls into your head whenever I like; so don't come near me." And thus ended this long quarrel.—"Curiosities of French Duelling," in *Chambers's Journal*.

Literature.

Emanuel Swedenborg: his Life and Writings. By WILLIAM WHITE. Two vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

In a modest and sensible preface, Mr. White says that one must write a book in order to learn how much courtesy and ready helpfulness there is in the world. We may add that one must read a book like Mr. White's to know how faithfully and intelligently an author can use the materials collected by himself or placed in his power by others. Briefly, we have never seen a work which more completely fulfilled its professed object. Mr. White has evidently been made free of the inner circles of Swedenborgianism, and is well up in the history of the personnel and policy of the sect; but all this would have gone for little if he had not been candid and impartial; ready to tell the truth, yet without (what so often passes for courageous honesty) cynical delight in the failure of high effort and the shortcomings and petty squabbles of sectarian people. But, in addition to that generous honesty which is itself a rare quality, Mr. White possesses in a high degree the selective instinct which is essential to successful narration of any kind. The biographer, the novelist, and the poet proper are three quite distinct types; but the selective instinct is common to them all, if they are capable of good work. Mr. White understands admirably well the perspective of his subject. He pitches on the right fact at once, and instantly puts it in the right place. The result is one of the most interesting books of the year, or of many years—fourteen hundred pages of anecdote, extract, and criticism, not one page of which is dull. Now and then he is, indeed, discursive; often too conversational; sometimes inexact both in thought and expression. At the very moment of writing this line our eye catches an instance of bad English (p. 419, vol. ii.)—"consonant and inseparable from chastity." It would have been quite easy to vary the construction here so as to make one proposition suit both adjectives.

The intelligent reader, who has sufficient spiritual receptivity to "take in" what is best in Swedenborg, and sufficient critical sensibility to feel, at the first touch, what is absurd in the man and his writings, will not have his estimate of him altered by Mr. White's volumes; it will be simply confirmed, though his information will probably be much enlarged. As a corrective of the rant of Emerson, Mr. White's book is excellent; but Mr. White does not appear to have Emerson's just sense of one of the many points at which Swedenborg's claim as a new "seer" (in the special sense) breaks down. It is inconceivable that a true seer should address a new Occidental audience in such a hash of Oriental and Classic symbolism—cedars of Lebanon and doves of Venus—much of it utterly tawdry and theatrical, much more of it coarse and stupidly filthy. But, apart from all this, Swedenborg has a peculiarity which never yet belonged to a great true prophet—he is a snob.

While we think Swedenborg's visions of other worlds only just as trustworthy as Quevedo's or Dante's, we willingly add that, as a teacher of "subjective" spiritual truth, we think he takes rank with the highest. His influence as a religious innovator and inspirer has been much greater than is supposed; and a book which should exhibit him in his capacity of a religious prose lyricist only, would, we believe, be a most acceptable one. But we do not think Mr. White is, by himself, a proper person to produce such a book; for he does not seem to us to have an adequate sense of the way in which Swedenborg—a recluse, a bachelor, and all his life half mad—runs off, upon the very simplest subjects, into a fantastic dogmatism which makes him ridiculous.

We have much pleasure in commending Mr. White's volumes to our readers, and will only say, further, that they are adorned with some beautifully-executed portraits.

Prometheus Unbound. A Tragedy. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Simcox begins a preface to his "Prometheus Unbound" by saying, "A poem after the antique is likely to be a failure," &c. His reasons are well worth reading, and should certainly be taken in conjunction with his tragedy. At the first glance, "the world" will be certain to agree with Mr. Simcox as to the likelihood of failure in an imitation from the antique; and at the second glance the greater part of the world will be of opinion that "it does not much matter." But it is only a likelihood, not a certainty. Many imitations of the antique in English verse have been not only excellent performances, but their production has given lasting pleasure to generations of readers and conferred honour upon their writers. But then these writings have been anything but dramas after the Greek antique; and it is certain that no English author has ever produced a work of the kind that has done any more than attract the attention of the dullest pedants amongst the author's friends—or enemies. Even Shelley—who may feel consoled for his small number of readers by his large number of worshippers—even Shelley could not take his little world by storm with his "Prometheus Unbound." Mr. Simcox is quite right about the failure. His tragedy, in one sense, must be a failure, because, for ages back, people have decided that they will have nothing of the kind. But in literature Mr. Simcox may feel assured that the new "Prometheus" is anything but a failure. It is avowedly "after the antique," but no imitation of one model original, risking the running into parody, but quite original on its own account. The preface will be found a careful piece of criticism, and the majority of readers (but in all probability there will be but a very small minority of readers represented) will be very thankful for the "argument." Without wandering at some length into that argument it would be difficult to find a passage of the tragedy to give as a specimen of the pure English and genuine high poetical power of Mr. Simcox. The loneliness of the Titans, however, seems somewhat disconnected:—

We are alone upon the lovely earth,
As in the days of gold,
When men were few, and, as the beasts were, clean,
Before the dewy earth was dry and old;
For she was full of budding life and green,
Ere she was bought and sold;
For over all we cast the shadow of our mirth.

Now, also, we discern no mightier fear
That we should be afraid;
But in the wilderness here
Our spirits walk in the shade.
Of the smoke of cities we do not see;
They are shaken from far with a breath of fear
That blows in the sails of the free.

We are alone—our sceptre hath gone by—
Our battle hath been fought;
We hear no voice of supplication move,
Of men we are not blest, or curs'd, or sought.
What care they to blaspheme, or to adore
Us, shadowy things of nought?
The dead are not more weak than we who cannot die.

Poetic ability is evident throughout, the "chorus" being especially beautiful. As a good step towards something like consistency in classic nomenclature, Mr. Simcox has "kept the Greek spelling everywhere, simply writing the letters in their English shapes."

Thoughts on Men and Things. A Series of Essays. By ANGELINA GUSHINGTON. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.

A volume of banter would scarcely have been expected from the firm of Rivingtons, London, Oxford, and Cambridge; the oldest and gravest publishing house in the world; but here it is, the author affecting to be the Miss Angelina Gushington, the ball-room heroine of Thackeray, of Mrs. Howard Paul and others, and lastly of Mr. John Parry. The subject is good; and, from the small satirical point of view, not badly carried out. But, small it is indeed; and it is difficult to understand how the publishers can have compromised their gravity by the production, except on the hypothesis that one of Mr. Rivington's young gentlemen has become facetious during the holidays. Most readers who do not want to see through more than the surfaces of society, will be pleased with the pleasant play-

fulness with which, page after page, the "artless and simple" young ladies of the present day are shown up as husband-hunters. Clearly no reasonable offers are to be refused, and leap-year may become a dangerous reality in connection with woman's rights. Croquet also runs throughout the series of essays, and becomes rather tiresome; and the Church, from Curates to Bishops, receives more "chaff" than is good without any real thoughtfulness to back it up and give it point. But it must be admitted that the clergy and the Ritualists, and those who run after them, are caricatured with humour, and always in a light and amiable manner. Miss Gushington is supposed to be unconsciously revealing the weaknesses and vanities of herself and her sex; and young ladies, at least, will like to see how they are imagined by men. The style is sometimes on the pattern of bad English, which, unhappily, is young-lady like; but too frequently it is of that very neatly-built-up kind which can only be described as priggish, and suggests reminiscences of Cuthbert Bede.

The Last Chronicle of Barset. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. With Thirty-two Illustrations by George H. Thomas. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"The Last Chronicle of Barset"—we wish it had been the first, and that all the rest were still to come—is now completed and issued in two handsome volumes. In spite of the fact that the story is somewhat "slow" and certain of the characters feebly drawn, the work is, as a whole, good; though we are scarcely inclined, with some critics, to rank it as the author's best. If Mr. Trollope's delineations of his clerical and public-office personages be faithful, and we doubt not they are, we confess they convey to us a far from pleasant notion of the clergymen and public servants of these times. With the exception of Mr. Crawley, the parsons are exceedingly commonplace, worldly individuals, with no ideas about their sacred calling except the advantages of income and position which they derive from it. What we see of old Mr. Harding shows that he was a thoroughly good and kindly gentleman; but then he is more of a musician than a parson. The character of Mr. Crawley, however, is admirably painted, and is enough to redeem much more serious shortcomings in other directions than the work exhibits. Of the public-office gentlemen it is sufficient to say that Adolphus Crosbie is a mean scamp, and Johnny Eames a very decided "muff." We do not wonder that Lily Dale—though she is somewhat of a prude, and does not quite know her own mind—could not manage to fall in love with Johnny. Madalina Demolines, the husband-hunter, would have been almost good enough for him. Old Mrs. Van Siever is a fair portraiture of the hard, grasping, selfish, worldly woman; and as her daughter Clara made a good painter's model, we hope she also proved a good wife for the artist, Conway Dalrymple. By-the-by, painters must be in great request just now; for we rarely come across a novel of the present day in which a painter does not figure, and in which a deal of art-slang is not talked. Of the bishopess, Mrs. Proudie, we can only say that we hope persons of her sort are rare in the hierarchy. But, for a real, genuinely good and natural girl, commend us to sweet Grace Crawley. She is sure to win all hearts, as she did those of the polished, gentlemanly, yet self-willed old Archdeacon, and of his honest-hearted, manly son, Major Grantly, the latter of whom well deserved the prize he won in gaining Grace for his wife. The way in which the difficulty about the stolen (or lost) cheque is cleared up is both simple and natural; but the reader sees long before the dénouement comes that Mr. Crawley must have got it from Mrs. Arabin. How it reached her hands, however, was more difficult to explain; but it is well done. A word now as to a few faults into which Mr. Trollope has fallen, evidently in the hurry of writing, and from lack of care in revision. The sentences are occasionally involved, and the sense obscure in consequence; as where we are left in doubt as to whether Toogood, the lawyer, is the cousin of Crawley or of Crawley's wife. A worse blemish than this, however, is the introduction of purely slang phrases. For instance, it is impossible to believe that the word "fad" could be employed by the educated and courtly Dr. Grantly, that it could be repeated by his ladylike wife, or that either of them could use such a word in speaking of Grace Crawley. We hope Mr. Trollope will rectify this in subsequent editions; for, though such language may, perhaps, be appropriate to fast ladies and gentlemen about town, it was utterly out of place at Plumstead Rectory. We ought to add that Mr. Thomas's illustrations are generally excellent, and enhance the value as well as the beauty of the work.

Martin Chuzzlewit. By CHARLES DICKENS. The "Charles Dickens" Edition. London: Chapman and Hall.

This, we believe, is the second volume of the "Charles Dickens" edition of the great novelist's works, though we have not happened to see the first of the series. But the present specimen is sufficient to satisfy us that this will probably be the popular edition of Dickens. It is convenient in size, the type is clear, the paper good, the printing excellent, and the binding neat and substantial. It is only necessary to add that several of the original illustrations are inserted, and that the price of the volume is reasonably low, to ensure favour for it, and for the others of the series as they appear.

LONDON SUBWAYS.

THE promoters of subways and the gas and water companies have at last fought out their differences before a Parliamentary Committee. After hearing much about the constant interruption to traffic by the streets being broken up in search of a leaky pipe, and about the necessity of leaving the gas companies free either to poison the soil of London or to intercept its traffic, we have at length the facts which are to be adduced on both sides fairly before us, and we are able to strike a balance. On the one hand, we are convinced that something must be done to cure the present disease of bad management, and that the companies cannot be left to their own devices. On the other, we are willing to concede that great care will be required in the use of subways, and that a proper ventilation of them is all important. But the inference we draw from the mass of evidence presented to the Committee, and contained in a bluebook of more than 21b. weight, is favourable to the principle of underground communication. We have facts on the one side and opinions on the other. The promoters show what has been done. The opponents merely show their reluctance to accept it. One engineer, representing a hostile water company, declares himself unwilling to expose his pipes to the risk of what he believes will come from the gas-pipes; but he admits, grudgingly, that his pipes have been four years in one subway and no inconvenience has yet resulted. Another allows that his company quarrels with the principle of subways without having any practical knowledge on the subject, and excuses them in words which might have been taken from Hamlet's soliloquy:—

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

The picture of the unknown ills to be expected from subways is equally grotesque and terrible. Broadhead getting down into subways and blowing up London; thieves taking up their abode there, and alternately letting out gas and breaking into cellars; workmen smashing pipes by accident and causing a conflagration, are spectacles that haunt the mind's eye of the gas companies and their counsel. We may put all this nonsense aside with a shrug of the shoulders, but many of the objections which seem better founded are not really worthy of much more respect. To say that workmen in subways will scamp their work, but that when they are mending pipes in the open streets they are exposed "to the general supervision of the public," any passing member of which public may be a shareholder or director, is equivalent to an admission that the companies employ neither foremen nor inspectors. Passers-by who are sufficiently incommoded by the breaking up of a street are not likely to stop and examine the workmanship to which they owe their delay. Nor are the workmen likely to take the necessary time, when they are hurried by their employers in order that the delay may not

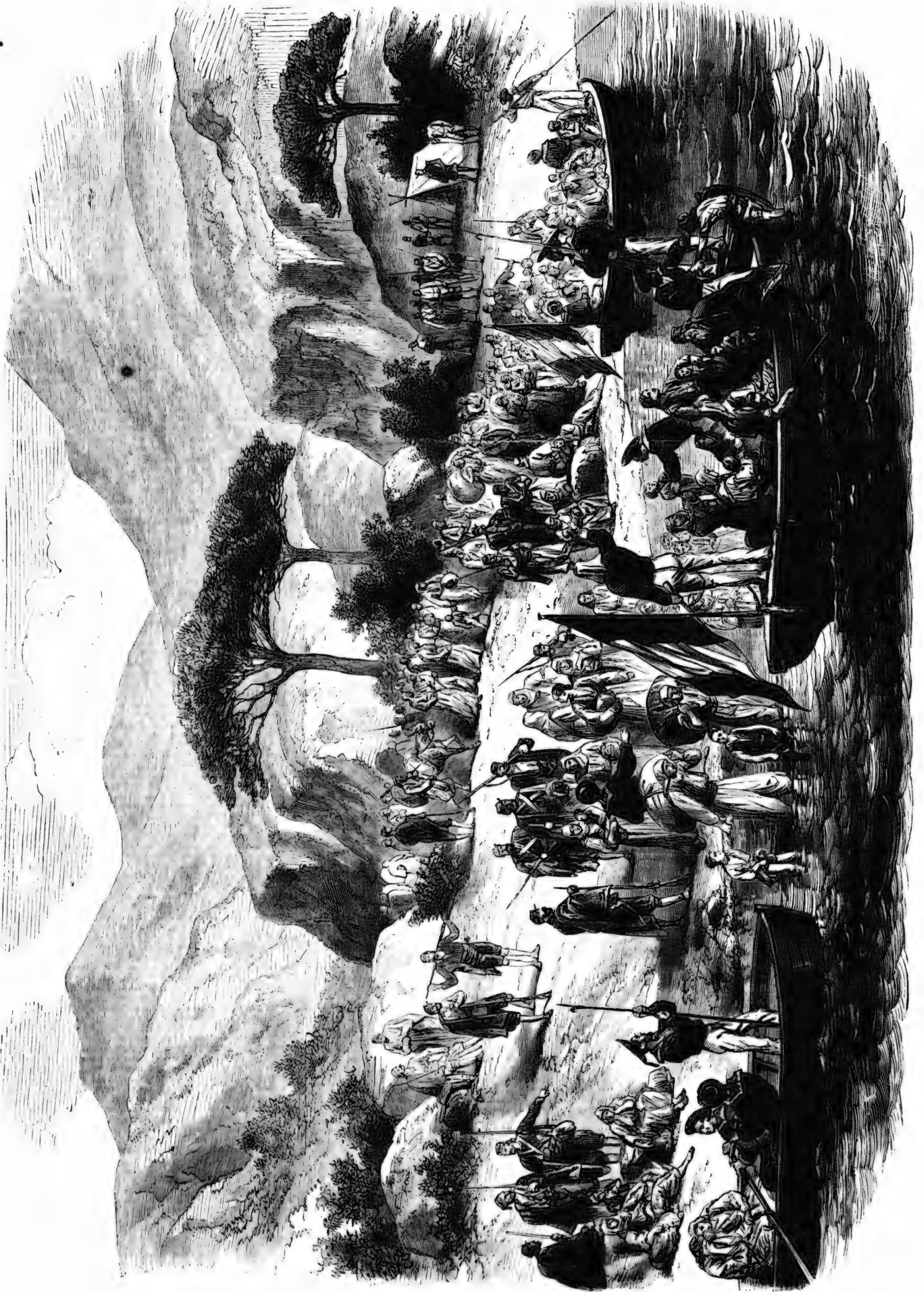
continue. As it is, they constantly join two pipes together before putting them in the ground, in order to prevent more joints being made in a narrow trench than is quite indispensable. They are the more apt to leave their work in a slovenly state that it is buried and put out of sight the moment it is done. When the defect is discovered in a short time, there are many other causes to which it may be attributed. The concussion caused by traffic, the ramming down of the pavement, the operations of other companies, the washing away of earth under the gas-pipes by leakage from water-pipes, and the consequent absence of support, excuse bad and hasty workmanship. Not that the defect is discovered so soon. The soil round the pipe absorbs the gas—it acts, according to Mr. Hawksley, as a safety lamp, and becomes gradually impregnated. When the earth will absorb no more, the gas escapes through it, and either gets into a vault, as at Glasgow, or into the sewers, as in London and Paris, and causes an explosion. Then the leak is traced by running a bit of tarred rope along the pipes, or holding a light to the saturated earth; the street is taken up again, and the narrow trench is dug, and the hasty work is hastily repaired.

Dwellers in London are, unhappily, too familiar with this process. But even the oldest inhabitant will be startled by the statistics given in the bluebook. In five years there were 533½ openings of the street in Gray's-inn-road and Holborn. Although the gas and water companies were informed whenever paving was to be done, they invariably waited till afterwards, in order to go over the ground again. The result of this has been a permanent deterioration of the roadways. Mr. Bazalgette gives a touching account of the injury done to the new street in Southwark, which was "one of the most perfect pieces of paving that could have been made," by the companies cutting their trenches, breaking up the concrete, and disturbing the arch of stone paving. Of course all this would be obviated by the use of subways. But the gas companies say that if their gas escaped in the subways there would be nothing to absorb it—that the cost of laying the pipes there would exceed that of cutting trenches and repaving, and that, as Parliament had once allowed them to do as they like, it has no right to make them consult the convenience of the public. Of course, we shall not discuss the last objection, because a mere statement of that carries with it a refutation. But the experiments made by Dr. Frankland in the presence of the committee, though considered unsatisfactory by Dr. Letheby, seem to guarantee us against explosion. Gas was suffered to escape from the pipes in the Southwark-street subway, and was ignited. There was a strong rush of gas from two apertures in the pipes on opposite sides of the subway, but the gas burnt as it would burn in a room, and the jet on one side would not even ignite the corresponding jet on the other side. Although the witnesses for the gas companies declare that there is no ventilation in the existing subways, and some of them say that natural ventilation is not sufficient, it is admitted that the safety of the system is merely a question of ventilation, and that a downcast and an upcast shaft for every three miles would be sufficient. We cannot be surprised at finding great difference of opinion between the promoters and their opponents on the subject of the existing subways. According to Mr. Muir, the engineer of the New River Company, the Garrick-street subway is most offensive. Mr. Forster describes it as dark and airless. Mr. Hawksley says it has no sensible ventilation. But the engineers of some of the gas companies (two of them representing the Chartered Gas Company, which is one of the opponents) approve of the system of subways, and have recommended them to their directors. It may be true that the subway in Garrick-street is imperfect, and that the engineers in Paris are so much alarmed at a former explosion that they have discontinued laying gas-pipes in subways except under the Emperor's palace. But neither of these arguments is conclusive, and neither goes very far. There is certainly less traffic in Paris, there is only one gas company instead of ten or twelve, as there are in London, and the Parisians are more nervous about gas than the Londoners. If the burnt child dreads the fire, and the one explosion in a Paris subway is sufficient to prevent the adoption of the system, the fifteen explosions that have taken place in the Paris sewers from leakage through the earth must convey a more impressive warning. Mr. Bazalgette says that the joints of the gas-pipes in Paris are defective, while M. Belgrand, inspector general of the Ponts et Chaussées, of course stands up for the joints of his country and city. Yet this is really beside the main question, for what has to be shown is that, whether workmanship be good or bad, the new plan is not more dangerous than the old, and we need hardly say that if good work is to be a necessity of the new system, the gas companies will have the most powerful argument against its adoption.

It is true that if subterranean passages are to be carried under our streets without light or air, and are to be further tainted by fumes from sewers and the escape of London gas, the effects will be fatal to any workmen who have to go down into them, and may be felt by the adjoining houses. The opponents of subways look forward to ill-ventilated mines forming the substratum of the city, and remind us of colliery accidents, of the carelessness of workmen, and of the explosive material which will be collected under our feet. But we see no reason for the fulfilment of these prophecies. Any escape in subways will be an accidental one. The danger in mines arises from the nature of the ground. Workmen will be employed occasionally in subways, and will not be so familiarised either with the place or the work to be done in it as to become reckless. Even if they do their work carelessly, and escapes occur, and are not detected either by the smell or by inspection, and are not carried off by the ventilation, the danger is not excessive. Explosions have occurred in sewers from the leakage of gas which has accumulated there very long, and neither the street nor the houses above have suffered. And it is evident that the chances of explosion ought to be diminished when an escape can be quickly detected. If there is ventilation enough to carry off the gas, there cannot be an explosion. If the gas accumulates it must be smelt, and if it is once smelt, why cannot it be traced to its source? So far from the workmen being tempted to scamp their work because they are not in the presence of the public, they are more within the reach of inspection in a closed and covered way, and their work can be tested before it is hidden. If the gas company wishes to cut off the supply of some recalcitrant debtor, it is surely more convenient to turn a cock in the subway than to send a man with a pickaxe and break up the pavement. Yet the unconciliatory spirit of the companies is shown by the firm grasp with which they cling to their pickaxe. It was placed in their hands by Parliament, and they defy Parliament to remove it. If this had been the first occasion on which they had brandished it before the public, and straddled across their narrow trenches like Apollon in the "Pilgrim's Progress," to stop all comers, we might have been surprised at their obstinacy. But it is only a year since we had experience of it, and, though the demands then made on the companies were more likely to give rise to opposition, the way in which they were met prepared us for the present style of resistance. And that gives us little hope of anything being done if the companies are left to themselves, and if the public is content to murmur instead of reclaiming the powers it has too easily surrendered.—*Economist.*

WORKMEN are engaged in pulling down the shed known as "Murphy's Tabernacle," Birmingham. Murphy has again been lecturing in Birmingham, and further disturbances have been the result. The lecturer and some of his supporters threatened their opponents with revolvers.

A SPECIAL EFFORT is being made to increase the usefulness of the Printers' Almshouses, whereby an asylum is provided for the working printer and his widow in declining years. Ever since the foundation of the Printers' Almshouses at Wood-green the necessity for their establishment has been painfully demonstrated by the want of additional accommodation, and the evil to be baffled with has steadily outrun the means that could be collected to contend with it. The council have effected a union of the almshouses fund with the Printers' Pension Corporation. With the view of inaugurating this amalgamation of the two funds, an endeavour is now being made to collect a sum sufficient for the purpose of erecting a wing to the present building, to be called the "Celebration Wing." Contributions are solicited from all who are interested in literature. In order to immemorialise the subscription, Mr. W. H. Colingridge, proprietor of the *City Press*, has presented 100 gs. on the condition that 100 gs. more be raised to complete the sum required. Subscriptions will be thankfully received for this special object by the collector, Mr. C. Pope, 14, Derby-street, Argyle-square, W.C.



THE CRETAN INSURRECTION: EMBARKATION OF REFUGEE FAMILIES ON BOARD THE FRENCH STEAM-SHIP TENONNÉE.

CRETAN AMAZONS.

THE history of the Candian insurrection can never be written, for there is no one to record it, and even if it could be sung in verse, there would be so much that is merely sordid mingled with a great deal that is heroic, that the poem would scarcely be satisfactory. There has been a brave, wild, ineffectual, almost suicidal struggle for independence, which has ended by leaving the island worse off than before—the people reduced to starvation, the dream of union with Greece less likely to be realised than ever. Already more than 3000 women and children have been embarked on the shores of Sphakia and landed in Greece by French, Russian, and Italian war vessels; and in a few days it is expected that as many more will be removed to the Piræus, while numbers are escaping by small vessels, so that the exodus may shortly be calculated at about 20,000 people. The Ottoman Government has protested against this foreign intervention, and Omer Pacha has only sulkily submitted to it because he could not help himself, declaring, however, that he is anxious to transport the families back to their native villages. There can be no wonder that the Candians have no faith whatever in Turkish professions, and the insurrection is still going on, hopeless as it is. The mountaineers hold out, make raids and dashes at the Ottoman detachments, retire to their ambush, and fight like fierce wild animals for a hopeless cause, hating the Turks and believing so ill of them that even at Athens there have been reports of Omer Pacha having cannonaded the rocks of Sphakia that overhang the sea in order to drive away the women and children before the arrival of the foreign ships. Of course there was no truth whatever in the story, and above 1000 natives were waiting to be taken off. They had come almost direct from their villages, and were better off than some other of the poor creatures from Selinos, whose homes had been destroyed, so that they had been wandering, hungry and half naked, about the mountains of Sphakia. It has become a serious question what is to be done with this recent addition to the Greek population at Athens, and people there are beginning to feel that the insurrection has been an unhappy failure, notwithstanding the constant reports of fresh victories over the Ottoman troops. Like the old brickmaker in "The Last Chronicle of Barset," the Turks know well that "it's dogged as does it;" and they are too dogged to acknowledge a defeat, or fifty defeats, while they can keep the island in a state of siege and wear out the entire people. If they don't wear out they will die out; and it really seems likely that this will be the case, for they have grown desperate, and even the women have taken a part in the war amongst the mountains. Whether they have been effectual defenders of the country, or whether their enthusiasm decreased before the stern necessities of a camp, is hardly known, for very little intelligence comes from the mountains of Crete; but a private letter, accompanying the sketch from which our Engraving is taken,



CRETAN AMAZONS.

declares that the writer, having paid a visit to Michali, saw about fifty fair Lakkiole damsels practising shooting with carbines at a mark. They were very good shots, too, and had been organised into a regular corps, with a proper flag, the bearer of which was a *religieuse*. The example of these heroines had created such excitement that several others had followed their lead, and a deputation of Selinoite women had offered to join the forces of Michali and fight by the side of their sisters the Lakkioles.

The Philo-Cretan committee had so far recognised the grand enthusiasm of these fair Amazons that it had provided them with arms and equipments. Each warrior carries a rifle of the English pattern, with a sabre-bayonet, a cartouch-box hangs to her belt, a

haversack depends from her shoulders, and each wears the handsome uniform of the Pali-kares—a dress destined, no doubt, to affect the Parisian, and therefore the English, fashions when once this strange episode of a very terrible tragedy shall become known. It is a very pretty costume, and might well be "adapted" in other materials than those worn by the Greek women. Fes, corset embroidered in gold and silver; short, piquante, half-sleeved jacket; white petticoat and what the Americans call continuations; with neat buckskin gaiters. What could be more charming? The officer of the corps is indicated by the style of the fez and by the substitution of an elegant little sabre for the bayonet.

This is the *couleur-de-rose* view of the affair; but in reality the mountains or the valleys of Crete, the heat and cold, the hunger and rain will soon destroy that part of the romance. There is something fierce and hardy in these Candian women, no doubt; but even at the outset they seemed likely to be rather more trouble than they were at that time worth; for a number of old and experienced warriors of the male sex were put in command of the troop, while a detachment of braves were charged with the pleasing duty of preventing at any risk the capture of the Amazons by the enemy, supposing they should unwillingly find themselves too near a Moslem ambuscade. When it is added that on the two banners of these intrepid women are inscribed, "God has chosen the weak to confound the strong," and "He has cast down the mighty and lifted up the humble," perhaps enough has been said to show that even in Greece modern warfare has no particular connection with "woman's mission." As long ago as the end of last year, however, this phalanx was formed, and the Candian General at once made use of their valorous courage, and, at the same time, perhaps, kept them reasonably out of harm's way by sending them to guard a valley where the cattle and sheep were kept for the provision of the insurgent army. How it came about that they should have been there without their carbines nobody can tell, unless it was thought dangerous to trust such good weapons to their care; but a story has been told of a raid by a Turkish detachment which was utterly routed and driven back by stones hurled upon them by these determined Amazons. There are

a good many stories going about just now at Athens; some of which, perhaps, are not entitled to much credence, and this may be one of these. In connection with the removal of refugees from Crete, it may be mentioned that we have heard the last of the famous Greek blockade-runner, the *Arcadi*. She has taken one trip too many to the coast of Crete, and, having on her last voyage fallen in with a Turkish cruiser, an action took place, which resulted in the gallant freebooter being driven ashore and destroyed, with great loss of life. The Turkish vessel, however (the *Izzedin*), did not escape without receiving hard knocks, and was compelled to make for Constantinople to repair damages.



ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AT SALZBURG.

NAPOLEON AT SALZBURG.

THE Emperors have met and have parted, and Salzburg resumes its wonted quiet, but mystery still surrounds the object and nature of the Imperial conferences; and so well has the secret been kept that speculation is more rife than ever, and the newsmakers for the German and French press, thus driven to the last shift, we need scarcely add, give full play to their imaginations. It is unfortunate for the authenticity of those gentlemen that no two of their surmises agree. They speak as oracularly as if they had been "behind the arras" and had been admitted within earshot of the utterances of the two Potentates; yet when their respective versions are submitted to the test of reason and probability, no large amount of sagacity is required to trace their origin as the mere product of inventive genius. "It is stated"—"we hear"—"it is understood"—"we believe," and every other form of the *on dit* is imported into the communications from Salzburg. But whatever may have passed between the Emperors during their meeting, it is certain that no great degree of popular enthusiasm accompanied the visit of Napoleon to Francis Joseph. An eye-witness thus describes the town on the day of the arrival of the illustrious guests and the preparations made for their reception:—

"Strolling through the town, I noticed with some surprise that neither public buildings nor private houses were decorated with flags, evergreens, or festive devices of any kind whatever. The streets were thronged with fashionably-dressed visitors and Oberösterreich peasants in holiday costumes, the denizens of the mountains being distinguished from those of the valleys by their bare knees, an interval of cuticle of about 10 in. long intervening between the tie of the breeches and the top of the coloured stocking; but no manifestations of welcome to Austria's whilom terrible foe, in the shape of banners, floral arches, carpets hung out of window, or the like, enlivened the aspect of the tall, white, solemn houses flanking the line of route from the station to the Imperial castle. At the Bahnhof, however, the tricolour was liberally displayed, the central portico being festooned with flags and planted with banners. A rich carpet stretched from the grand entrance through the building across the platform, and over one pair of rails to the spot at which the Imperial saloon carriage was destined to stop. In the centre of the vestibule leading from the platform to the principal flight of steps, opposite which a state coach and six awaited Austria's august guests, a small square hall had been converted into a gorgeous waiting-room, its walls covered with exotics from the Imperial nursery at Schönbrunn, amongst which glowed and glittered the many escutcheons of the Hapsburg family and the monogram N. E. in letters of gold. A statue, lifesize, of the Empress, enshrined in a bower of tropical plants, occupied one side of this elegant apartment, five embroidered escutcheons depending from the crimson velvet canopy which overshadowed the marble lineaments of the lovely Elizabeth. The ceiling, dome-shaped, was hidden by French and Austrian colours intertwined; between each pair of flags the initial letter of the French Emperor's name was set in blue enamel on a dead-gold ground. Inside the station a guard of honour, consisting of a picked company of chasseurs, was drawn up on the left of the platform, attended by the band of its battalion; two gigantic gendarmes stood on each side of the entrance to the vestibule; beyond this, and a squadron of heavies outside the perron, there was no military display whatever. Places had been reserved on the platform for about two hundred favoured spectators, most of whom were firmly established in points of vantage an hour before the time appointed for the arrival of the Imperial visitors. Shortly after four o'clock the high State officials began to drop in. First came the Governor of the province, Count Coronini; then the Chief of the Police, the secretaries of the French Embassy, Generals, Court Equerries, the Archduke Louis Victor, Count Crenneville, Prince Hohenlohe Schillingfürst, and the Duke de Grammont, wearing the broad ribbon and star of St. Stephen. At half-past four precisely the Emperor and Empress made their appearance to the strains of Papa Haydn. The Empress, who looked, if possible, lovelier than ever, was dressed in blue and white (Bavarian colours), and wore a plain black straw hat, with a plume of black feathers. The Emperor was in the uniform of a Field Marshal, relieved by the ribbon and crachal of the Legion d'Honneur and the collar of the Golden Fleece. He had assumed excellent spirits for the nonce, chatted with the French Ambassador and several ladies amongst the spectators, and manifested remarkable graciousness to all those around him, except to his brother, whom he bespoke once rather sharply for not taking off his hat at the right moment. The Empress stepped down the lane of spectators, addressing a few pleasant words to every person she recognised, distinguishing especially Count Paeffly, Princess Schwarzenberg, Princess Lobkowitz, and Countess Crivelli, with which last-named lady she conversed in Italian for about ten minutes. Presently the train was signalled, and at five o'clock precisely it moved slowly into the station, the guard presenting arms and the band striking up 'Partant pour la Syrie.' Napoleon and Prince Metternich, both in plain morning dress, were standing side by side at the central window of the state saloon, and as his Imperial Majesty came in sight of the brilliant group formed by the Emperor and his staff, the Empress and her ladies of honour, the Archdukes and the French Embassy, he raised his hat and bowed. Franz Josef and his beautiful consort advanced to the side of the saloon, from which Napoleon and Eugénie, followed by Prince Metternich and the Princess d'Essling, promptly descended. The two Emperors shook hands cordially, whilst the Empresses kissed one another on both cheeks. After this preliminary greeting, Francis Joseph presented Napoleon to the Empress Elizabeth; and the Emperor of the French, after gallantly kissing his lovely hostess's hand, introduced his brother Monarch to Eugénie. The Emperors stood for some minutes together, conversing in a very animated manner, and the contrast between them was remarkable. Elizabeth of Austria is more than a head taller than Eugénie of France; the former is as lithe and slender as a young poplar; the latter has grown stout of late, which makes her look shorter than she really is. She was attired in a short travelling-dress, of black and white, whilst her august sister's flowing robes trailed on the ground as she walked. A thick black veil hid the Empress Eugénie's face from view; the spirited, refined countenance of Elizabeth no envious covering concealed. Meanwhile Francis Joseph had conducted Napoleon towards the guard of honour, which underwent a short inspection; he then introduced his brother and cousins to the Emperor of the French. Prince Metternich, the Duke de Grammont, and Prince Hohenlohe joined the Imperial group, and, after a few minutes' earnest talk, the whole party walked slowly through the station, amidst hearty cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' and 'Hourra!' the Empress leading the way, followed by the two Emperors and the Imperial suites. As Napoleon passed between the giant guardians of the vestibule, he stopped for a second to inquire of the Kaiser to what branch of the service these splendid men belonged, and smiled his surprise upon being told that they were gendarmes of the palace. On issuing from the station, his Imperial Majesty of France was received with loud cheers by the crowd assembled outside. He stood for a moment on the perron and bowed repeatedly in response to the enthusiastic greeting accorded to him, then got into the state carriage, in which the Imperial ladies were already seated, and, with the Kaiser by his side, drove off at a rapid pace to the residence."

So much being said about the Imperial visit to Salzburg, a brief account of the city, with a slight sketch of its historical recollections, may not be unacceptable. It contains 16,000 inhabitants, and is noted for the fine valley in which it reposes, its two eccentric and massive rocks, its houses in the Italian style of architecture, its cupolas, and general aspect. The Archbishop of Salzburg was formerly not only a sovereign prince of a petty State of 155,000 inhabitants, but the Primate of Germany, exercising jurisdiction over Austria, Bavaria, and Bohemia. Charlemagne was received at Salzburg in 803; four centuries later Attila ravaged the city, destroying a large amount of property, which destruction was made good by a Duke of Bavaria. The great wars of the Empire fre-

quently brought French soldiers to Salzburg. The valley of the Salza, which bars the road going to high Austria, is on this account an important strategical line, and was consequently often disputed. In 1800, in the month of December, the army of Moreau, after gaining the battle of Hohenlinden, marched upon high Austria, carried the position of the Salza, and on the 15th of the same month Generals Decen and Lecourbe entered Salzburg. In the new expedition, in 1805, Bernadotte occupied the city. The double campaign of 1809 terminated with the great Battle of Wagram and in the Treaty of Vienna, by the terms of which Salzburg was handed over to Bavaria; but, abutting pretty equally on the frontier of Austria and Bavaria, each of these two States may easily lay claim to the city. Thus, in 1809 Salzburg was included in the annexed territories of Austria by a definitive act of the Congress of Vienna. Near Salzburg is a vast salt-mine, which is absolutely on the frontiers of the two countries, so that it is worked on both sides, each State profiting by the salt which it gathers there. The line of demarcation in these operations is distinctly marked out and carefully observed. When the miners advance to a certain point they retire, so that there is nothing but a partition of salt which separates Austria from Bavaria. From Vienna to Salzburg the journey is made by rail in seven or eight hours. From France the city is reached by several lines of railway; but the most direct is that taken by the Emperor—from Strasburg to Carlsruhe, and on to Stuttgart, Munich, and Rosenheim. Ten centuries have elapsed in the interval between the visits of the two Emperors to Salzburg—Charlemagne and Napoleon III.

CONCERTS.

LONDON is now, in a musical sense, given up altogether to promenade concerts. Promenade concerts at Covent-garden Theatre and promenade concerts at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, are still the order of the day. No very remarkable novelties are brought out at either establishment; but Jullien's "British Army Quadrille" at one and Strauss's waltzes and polkas at the other attract very numerous audiences, and both north London and west central London are satisfied.

In the meanwhile, two new cantatas—Dr. Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" and Mr. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner"—were to have been produced this week at Birmingham, and Mr. Goldschmidt's "Ruth" was brought out last week at Hereford. An able critic, writing from Hereford, describes "Ruth" as an "oratorio."—"It is small and, in every sense, much smaller than 'Tobias,' which M. Gounod modestly styled 'petit oratorio,' and with none of the redeeming points that save from insignificance that *jeune* production of the most popular composer of the hour. The music is a *caput mortuum*, pretentious to a degree, and destitute of charm. The choruses resemble the attempts of an aspirant, but by no means very clever, student; the specimens of 'fugue' are deplorably unsuccessful; the solos, airs, duets, &c., are tuneless, without exception; the recitatives, awkwardly constructed, are neither flowing nor sedate, but limp as they drag along their tiresome course; and, lastly, the orchestral accompaniments, obtrusively complex, are for ever in the way, having nothing, seemingly, to do with the voice parts, which it should be their natural office to strengthen and enrich. Seldom has a work of the kind appeared in which it was not possible to single out at least two or three pieces from the general vote of censure. But 'Ruth' forms one of the exceptions, and positively contains nothing. Then, the whole, both in the vocal and instrumental parts, is so ill written that, if the singers were all Malibran and Rubinis, and the players Paganinis, Joachim, and Piatti, the work could not possibly go well. It is, in short, the ambitious essay of a tyro, without gifts or qualities to justify the hope of future excellence. The execution, allowing for the commendable endeavours of the solo singers—Mme. Goldschmidt, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley—was as bad as could be. The impression produced by 'Ruth' was to the utmost extent unfavourable; and the 'Sacred Pastoral' is not likely to be heard of again, even when the final chorus of part I ('How Excellent is Thy Loving Kindness, O God!') is ready for the copyist. This chorus was not finished in time for Hereford, much less in time for Worcester, last year; and it was omitted on the ground that Herr Goldschmidt had been unable to obtain a special rehearsal on the evening of the day preceding the performance. Mme. Goldschmidt did all that lay in her power for her husband's music, but it was to little or no purpose. She happily took part in her oratorios—in 'Elijah,' for example, and in the second and third parts of 'The Messiah.' Her singing in these works was more than ever emphatically expressive; but even the voice of the 'Swedish Nightingale' cannot endure for ever."

The singing of Mme. Goldschmidt and the production of "Ruth" were the distinguishing features of the meeting. Besides the work named, Spohr's "Eighty-fourth Psalm"—a somewhat dry and mannered production, though not without passages of force and beauty—the same composer's overture to "Die letzten Dinge," Handel's "Israel in Egypt," Mozart's "Requiem," and Dr. Wesley's fine anthem, "Ascribe unto the Lord" (performed in 1865 at the Gloucester festival with organ accompaniment, but now arranged for orchestra) were comprised in the sacred performances.

The results of the festival were highly satisfactory. Not only was the attendance on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in the cathedral unusually large, but the contributions to the fund for the widows and orphans reached £1243 15s.—the most considerable amount ever realised at Hereford.

PARASITES IN BIRDCAGES.—Many a person has watched with anxiety and care a pet canary, goldfinch, or other tiny favourite, evidently in a state of perturbation, plucking at himself continually, his feathers standing all wrong, always fidgeting about, and in every way looking very seedy. In vain is his food changed, in vain is another saucer of clean water always kept in his cage, and all that kindness can suggest for the little prisoner done; but still all is of no use, he is no better. And why? Because the cause of his wretchedness has not been found out, and until it is other attempts are but vain. If the owner of a pet in such difficulties will take down the cage and cast his or her eyes up to the roof thereof, there will most likely be seen a mass of stuff looking as much like red rust as anything, and thence comes the cause of the poor bird's uneasiness. The red rust is nothing more nor less than myriads of parasites infesting the bird, and for which water is no remedy. There is, however, a remedy, and one easily procurable in a moment—fire. By procuring a lighted candle and holding it under every particle of the top of the cage till all chance of anything being left alive is gone, the remedy is complete. The pet will soon brighten up again after his "house-warming," and will in his cheerful and delightful way thank his master or mistress over and over again for this, though slight, to him important assistance.—*Land and Water.*

"DRYMAKINGS" IN HOLLAND.—A report by Mr. Thurlow, secretary to the British Legation at the Hague, gives a description of the *polders*, or drained lakes, of which Haarlem-meer is the most notable example. It appears that after being pumped dry the area is cut up into parallelograms, which are frequently not much larger than an acre each, and are separated by primary canals. These drain the land in wet seasons and irrigate it in time of drought, as well as form a highway for the small boats which take the place of the English tumbrel or wagon. A certain number of parallelograms are formed into a group, and pump their superfluous drainage into transverse canals, which communicate with the main outlets to the sea. In one case there are no less than four canal systems with different levels, through all of which every drop of water must pass in order to reach the ring dyke which girdles the *polder*. This dyke is constructed in duplicate, with an intervening space of fifteen or twenty metres, and waterworks are erected on its banks. These dry lakes do not afterwards leak to any great extent, and the rainfall is seldom excessive, being pumped out by ordinary windmills before May 1. The health of the "colonists," as the population may be called, is satisfactory, and the reclamation answers financially. Haarlem-meer took thirteen years, being completed in 1852, and cost nearly a million sterling, but the outlay has been recouped by the sale of 42,000 acres. The recovery of the Zuider Zee is seriously looked forward to, and this would throw all former undertakings into the shade. Amsterdam would then have an outlet to the German Ocean by the North Holland canal, now in process of construction, and which is of such dimensions as to allow two men-of-war to pass each other at any point. During the last 200 years £300,000,000 have been expended for hydrographical purposes in the narrow tract of country, hardly as big as Wales and Yorkshire put together, lying between the Dollard and the Scheldt, and Mr. Thurlow compares the Netherlands to a copyhold property, with Neptune as lord of the manor, whose fines amount to a million sterling per annum for repairs and superintendence.

RITUALISM.

THE Commission upon the Ritual of the Church of England have agreed upon the following report:—

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

Your Majesty having been graciously pleased to issue a Commission reciting that "differences of practice have arisen from varying interpretations put upon the rubrics, orders, and directions for regulating the course and conduct of public worship, the administration of the Sacraments, and other services contained in the Book of Common Prayer according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland, and more especially with reference to the ornaments used in the churches and chapels of the said United Church and the vestments worn by the ministers thereof at the time of their ministrations," and that "it is expedient that a full and impartial inquiry should be made into the matters aforesaid with the view of explaining or amending the said rubrics, orders, and directions, so as to secure general uniformity of practice in such matters as may be deemed essential"—and enjoining your Commissioners "to make diligent inquiry into all and every the matters aforesaid, and to report thereupon from time to time as to" them "or any ten or more of" them, "may appear to be most expedient, having regard not only to the said rubrics, orders, and directions contained in the said Book of Common Prayer, but also to any other laws or customs relating to the matters aforesaid, with power to suggest any alterations, improvements, or amendments with respect to such matters, or any of them, as" they, "or any ten or more of" them, "may think fit to recommend."

We, your Majesty's Commissioners, have, in accordance with the terms of your Majesty's Commission, directed our first attention to the question of the vestments worn by the ministers of the said United Church at the time of their ministrations, and especially to those the use of which has been lately introduced into certain churches.

We find that, while these vestments are regarded by some witnesses as symbolical of doctrine, and by others as a distinctive vesture whereby they desire to do honour to the holy communion as the highest act of Christian worship, they are by none regarded as essential, and they give grave offence to many.

We are of opinion that it is expedient to restrain in the public services of the United Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and we think that this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress.

We are not yet prepared to recommend to your Majesty the best mode of giving effect to these conclusions, with a view at once to secure the objects proposed, and to promote the peace of the Church; but we have thought it our duty in a matter to which great interest is attached not to delay the communication to your Majesty of the results at which we have already arrived.

We have placed in the Appendix the evidence of the witnesses examined before us, the documents referred to in the evidence or produced before the Commissioners, the cases laid before us, which were submitted to eminent counsel on either side of the question, together with the opinions thereupon; also the report on the subject made by the Committee of the Lower House of the Convocation of the province of Canterbury, and the resolutions passed by the Upper as well as the Lower House of that Convocation, and the resolutions passed by the Convocation of the province of York.

All which we humbly beg leave to submit to your Majesty.

Aug. 19, 1867.

EARL GRANVILLE ON SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.—On Tuesday Earl Granville delivered the prizes to the successful competitors in the Oxford Local Examination, at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The hall was crowded in every part. After a short speech from the Mayor, who presided, Earl Granville spoke at considerable length. He thought one important question in connection with these examinations was scientific education. Of twenty-two centres who submitted themselves to these examinations, only eight had sent up candidates for scientific examination, and out of one hundred candidates so sent up not one half had been successful. This was not as it should be. There was a general concurrence among eminent scientific and other men in the belief that many great nations on the Continent had been more successful in the application of science to industry than England had been. That was a most unpalatable fact, but he ventured to bring it out, first, because he believed it was best to look unpalatable facts clearly in the face, and, secondly, because it produced on real alarm or dependancy in his mind. It might be that the story of defeat would rouse us to action. He did not intend there to run down Latin and Greek, but he would ask whether there were not other things which the parents of Manchester would wish to see imparted to their sons and to those whom they employed. It was most important that they should possess a thorough acquaintance with the English language, but it was important also that they should obtain a practical scientific education. The labouring classes were getting a scientific education, and the numbers obtaining it were increasing every day. The Science and Art Department were giving such an education to a largely increasing number—for whereas 6000 persons last year were instructed, this year there were upwards of 10,000. The public schools, such as Rugby and Harrow, were also including scientific education in their curriculum, and the result proved that an acquaintance with this branch rather assisted than prevented the cleverest boys from pushing forward in other departments. His Lordship then proceeded to deliver the prizes.

ALBERT MEMORIALS.—Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel, above the burial-place of our monarchs at Windsor Castle, is now being converted into a most interesting memorial of the Prince Consort, and the decorations are being contributed by the Princess and Princesses of the Royal family. The roof, with its beautifully arched work, has been covered with a magnificent ceiling of mosaic, said to be the finest in the world for its size. Around the sides of the chapel the plain glass windows have been replaced by stained glass, depicting events in the life of the Prince. On the west wall the panels are being filled with mosaic pictures of the Sovereigns and celebrated persons whose history is intertwined with that of Windsor. When finished (thirteen are already up) the series will comprise portraits of Henry III., Edward III., Edward IV., Henry VII., Jane Seymour, the Earl of Lincoln, the Duke of Suffolk, Henry VI., Henry VIII., Charles I., George III., James II., Lord Hastings, the Marquis of Worcester, Archbishop Bekeford, M. A. De Dominis, Matthew Wren, Bruno Ryves, Beauchamp, Wykeham, Wolsey, Dean Unwink, Bishop Turner, Bishop Robinson, Bishop Douglas, Archbishop Sutton, and others. Baron Triqueti is to cover the walls beneath the windows with marble inlay-work—the subjects being of a Scriptural character. Four of these large panels are at the present moment being exhibited by permission of her Majesty in the Paris Exhibition. The panel contributed by his Royal Highness Prince Leopold has for its subject "David and Saul," that by Princess Louise, "A Scene from the Life of Moses." On the panel given by Prince Arthur, David is shown with his harp; while Princess Beatrice has presented a picture of Nathaniel. Above each panel is a medallion portrait of the contributing Prince or Princess, sculptured on white marble. There are appropriate inscriptions attached to each panel. These precious works of art, upon the closing of the Exhibition, will be placed upon the walls of the chapel. The works at the Royal mausoleum in Frogmore grounds, where the remains of the Prince Consort are interred, are slowly verging towards completion. Artists are engaged in finishing the decoration of the ceiling of the dome, which is being elaborately painted, and other decorative works are in progress; but it will probably be a year before this magnificent tomb is entirely perfected.

NEW METROPOLITAN TRAFFIC ACT.—The Act for regulating the traffic in the metropolis, and for making provision for the greater security of persons passing through the streets, contains twenty-nine sections and is divided into two parts. The metropolis is defined to mean the city of London and all places within the jurisdiction of the Board of Works. The "general limits" of the Act means such parts of the metropolis as are enclosed in a circle of which the centre is Charing-cross and the radii are four miles in length as measured in a straight line from Charing-cross. The expression "the special limits" of the Act is to mean such streets as may be declared to be special limits. As to scavengers, it is enacted that after Jan. 1 next, between the hours of ten in the morning and seven in the evening, in such streets as may be named by the Commissioner of Police, no ashes, &c., are to be removed from a house and no goods deposited or unloaded, under certain penalties, between the hours mentioned. Cattle are not to be driven through the streets in the hours stated without the permission of the Commissioner of Police, and the fines are not to exceed ten shillings each head of cattle. Within the general limits of this Act the driver of a metropolitan stage-carriage shall not stop such carriage for the purpose of taking up or setting down passengers at any part of a street except as near as may be to the left or near side of the roadway. For acting in contravention of the Act it is not to exceed 40s. Advertisements on carriages, &c., are prohibited, except those approved by the Commissioner, but the section is not to apply to the sale of newspapers. The Commissioner of Police may make "special limits," with the approval of the Secretary of State, and regulations may be made, after notice, as to the route of vehicles, &c., and for disobedience penalties are to be enforced, and within special limits no driver of a metropolitan carriage is to take up or set down. Certain rules are to be enforced as to the delivery of coals and timber, and as to hackney carriages. With respect to dogs, the police may take possession of any dog not under control, and detain the same until claimed and the expenses paid. The Commissioner may order dogs to be muzzled, the police to send a letter to the owner of any dog with a collar on and address. The Commissioner, after three days, may order a dog to be destroyed; and, upon complaint that a dog has bitten or attempted to bite any person, a magistrate may order such dog to be destroyed. There are to be regulations as to shoeblacks and messengers. Three or more persons assembling for betting in a street are to be deemed an obstruction, and each liable to a penalty of £5. No fare for a hackney carriage is to be less than 1s. The Act is to take effect on Nov. 1 next.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31 1967,